THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRESS
April 12, 1962 25¢
Rural Domination of a State Legislature (page 31)

THE REPORTER

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now you know all there is to know.

REPRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How the Bell System is helping to develop Educational Television Systems

The Bell System has long been providing transmission facilities for commercial broadcasting. Now this technical know-how is being applied to the job of setting up educational television systems for schools throughout the nation.

The Bell Telephone System has already aided in the development of the largest ETV network—South Carolina's state-wide system—and the largest school district system—in Hagerstown, Maryland.

More important, the Bell System now has a newly designed low-cost service to meet the specific needs of educational television in school areas of every size.

If you'd like to know more about educational television and its possible use in your local schools, call the Manager of your local Bell Telephone Company for information.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Research versus administration

FIRE AND WATER:

SCIENTIFIC HERESY IN THE FOREST SERVICE

By Ashley L. Schiff. A perceptive discussion of the United States Forest Service, revealing failure in two major fields – the use of controlled burning as a tool in forest management, and the use of forests in flood prevention – and underlining the adverse effect of administrative pressure on research. Basically relevant in science and public administration. $5.00

Report on the Lands of the Arid Region of the United States,

with a more detailed account of the lands of Utah. A classic work by *John Wesley Powell*, edited by Wallace Stegner.

JOHN HARVARD LIBRARY $6.00

A BELKNAP PRESS BOOK

at all booksellers

Harvard University Press

Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

IMPORTANT—

in inverse proportion to its size!

Cyprus – a small island with a relatively advanced social and economic structure – emerges today as a sun-lit laboratory in which the Middle East can be observed clearly. Made visible in this study are the character of Cypriote resources, growth since World War II, and her strategic significance for Europe, the United Nations and the Atlantic Alliance. An input-output study points up industrial and agricultural interdependence.

THE ECONOMY OF CYPRUS

By A. J. Meyer
with Simos Vassilou $3.50

Harvard Center for Middle Eastern Studies and Center for International Affairs.

at all booksellers

Harvard University Press

Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*

Executive Editor, Philip Horton *Managing Editor*, Robert Bingham
Senior Editor, Gouverneur Paulding *Washington Editor*, Douglass Cater
Assistant Managing Editor, Derek Morgan *Copy Editor*, Donald A. Allan
Art Director, Reg Massie
Writers: Claire Sterling, Marya Mannes, Edmond Taylor, Meg Greenfield, George Bailey
Staff: Elizabeth Parsons (*Asst. to the Editor*), Louisa Messolonghites (*Asst. to Mng. Ed.*), Ruth Ames (*Librarian*), John A. Anderson Jr., Barbara Carter, Lee Culpepper, Virginia Held, Nora Magid

General Manager, John J. Borghi
Circulation Manager, George Hinckley *Director of Advertising*, Harry R. Davis
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander *Production Manager*, Ann Hollyday Sharp
Controller, Anthony E. Lanza
Published by The Reporter Magazine Company, Nathan W. Levin, President

VOLUME 26, NO. 8 **APRIL 12, 1962**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES
THE COURT'S DECISION . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 12

'His Own Best Public-Relations Man'

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRESS . . . . . *Worth Bingham and Ward S. Just* 18

At Home & Abroad

FRONDIZI, THE ARMY, AND THE PERONISTAS . . . . . *Medardo Rodriguez* 23
THE SIXTH SENSE OF CARL VINSON . . . . . *Rowland Evans, Jr.* 25
BARNYARD GOVERNMENT IN MARYLAND . . . . . *J. Anthony Lukas* 31
A NEW APPROACH TO THE FARM PROBLEM . . . . . *Hans Landsberg* 34
SPY TRIAL IN CAIRO . . . . . *Claire Sterling* 38

Views & Reviews

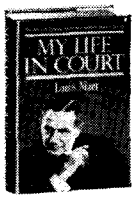
THE GREEN BLAZER—A SHORT STORY . . . . . *R. K. Narayan* 40
THE LINER, SHE WAS A LADY . . . . . *Noel Mostert* 44
CLUB RULES . . . . . *Nat Hentoff* 46
Books:
THE TWO FROSTS . . . . . *M. L. Rosenthal* 50
A SPRING IN THE FOREST . . . . . *Gouverneur Paulding* 52
SEVENTH CRISIS . . . . . *Douglass Cater* 54
THE REPORTER PUZZLE 43

THE REPORTER, April 12, 1962, Volume 26, No. 8. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by the The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. © 1962 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States and U. S. Possessions: One year $6, Two years $9.50, Three years $12. Additional postage for Canada and Pan-American Union, $.50 per year; all other countries, $1.00 per year. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio.** Indexed in *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

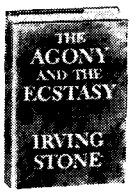
Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

Editorial and Business Office: 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.; Phone: TEmpleton 2-8800. Washington Office: 1107 National Press Bldg., 14th and F Sts., N.W., Washington 4, D.C.; DIstrict 7-0045.

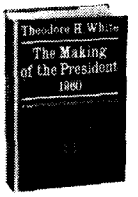
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



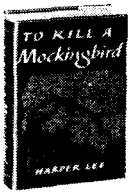
521. MY LIFE IN COURT *by* LOUIS NIZER. (Retail price $5.95)



455. THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY *by* IRVING STONE. (Retail price $5.95)



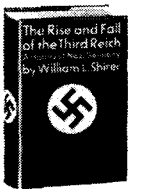
467. THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT — 1960 *by* THEODORE H. WHITE (Retail price $6.95)



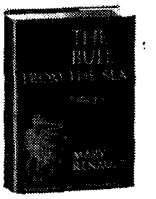
435. TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD *by* HARPER LEE (Retail price $3.95)

523. THE GUNS OF AUGUST *by* BARBARA W. TUCHMAN. Illustrated. (Retail price $6.95)

498. LIVING FREE *by* JOY ADAMSON. Illustrated. (Retail price $5.95)



431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER (Ret. price $10)



520. THE BULL FROM THE SEA *by* MARY RENAULT. (Retail price $4.95)

502. THE COMING FURY *by* BRUCE CATTON Maps. (Retail price $7.50)

536. TWILIGHT OF HONOR *by* AL DEWLEN (Retail price $4.95)

522. CITIZEN HEARST *by* W. A. SWANBERG Illustrated. (Retail price $7.50)

An Invitation to Readers

WHO MAY HAVE CONSIDERED MEMBERSHIP IN THE

Book-of-the-Month Club

CHOOSE ANY THREE

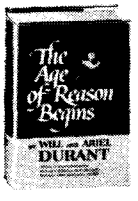
of the books shown on this page

FOR $1 EACH

IN A LIMITED TRIAL MEMBERSHIP... IF YOU AGREE TO BUY THREE ADDITIONAL CLUB CHOICES—AT THE MEMBERS' PRICES—WITHIN A YEAR

519. THE MORNING AND THE EVENING *by* JOAN WILLIAMS (Retail price $4)

503. MILA 18 *by* LEON URIS (Retail price $4.95)

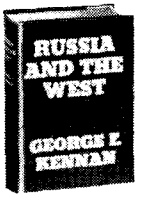


500. THE AGE OF REASON BEGINS *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT. Illustrated. (Retail price $10)

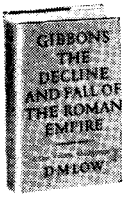
486. THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT *by* JOHN STEINBECK. (Retail price $4.50)

485. INSIDE EUROPE TODAY *by* JOHN GUNTHER. 1962 revised edition (Retail price $5.95)

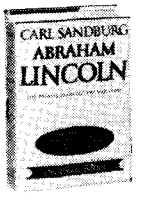
484. TWELVE SHORT NOVELS *Selected and edited by* THOMAS B. COSTAIN (Retail price $7.50)



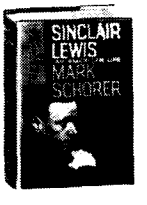
466. RUSSIA AND THE WEST UNDER LENIN AND STALIN *by* GEORGE F. KENNAN. (Retail price $5.75)



443. THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE *by* EDWARD GIBBON. 1-vol. abridgment *by* D. M. LOW. (Retail price $8)

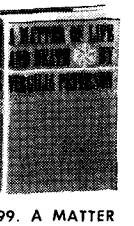


448. ABRAHAM LINCOLN: The Prairie Years AND The War Years *by* CARL SANDBURG 1-vol. edition Illus. (Retail price $7.50)

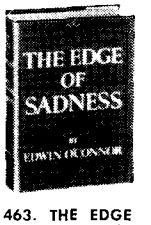


493. SINCLAIR LEWIS *by* MARK SCHORER. Illustrated. (Retail price $10)

457. RING OF BRIGHT WATER *by* GAVIN MAXWELL. Illus. (Retail price $5)



499. A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH *by* VIRGILIA PETERSON (Ret. price $5)



463. THE EDGE OF SADNESS *by* EDWIN O'CONNOR. (Retail price $5)

GOOD SENSE FOR EVERY READING FAMILY

THE purpose of this suggested trial membership is to demonstrate two things *by your own experience*: first, that you can really keep yourself from missing, through oversight or overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; second, the advantages of the Club's unique Book-Dividend system, through which members can regularly receive valuable library volumes—at a small fraction of their price—simply by buying books they would buy anyway. The offer described here really represents "advance" Book-Dividends earned by the purchase of the three books you engage to buy later.

✶ **The three books you choose** from those pictured on this page will be sent at once and you will be billed one dollar for each volume (plus a small charge for postage and handling).

✶ **If you continue after this trial membership** you will receive, *with every Club choice you buy*, a Book-Dividend Certificate. Each certificate, together with a nominal sum—usually $1.00—can be redeemed for a valuable Book-Dividend which you may choose from a catalog of more than a hundred fine library volumes which now average $7.00 in retail value. Since the inauguration of the Book-Dividend system, more than $270,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned and received by Club members through this profit-sharing plan.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A1054
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club* and send me the three books whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me $3.00.† I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections—or alternates—during the first year I am a member. The price† will never be more than the publisher's price and frequently less. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying three Club choices (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). After my third purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend Certificate with every Selection—or alternate—I buy. Each certificate, together with a nominal sum—usually $1.00—will be redeemed for a Book-Dividend* which I may choose from a wide variety always available. **PLEASE NOTE:** A Double Selection—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a *single book* in earning Book-Dividend Certificates and in fulfilling the membership obligation to buy three Club choices.

†A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.

INDICATE BY NUMBER IN BOXES BELOW THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT

☐ ☐ ☐

MR. / MRS. / MISS } .....
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address.....

City.....*Zone*.....*State*.....

Selections and alternates for Canadian members are usually priced† slightly higher and are shipped from Toronto *duty free*.

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

PUBLIC DOMAIN, 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I WAS GOING BROKE ON $9,000 A YEAR

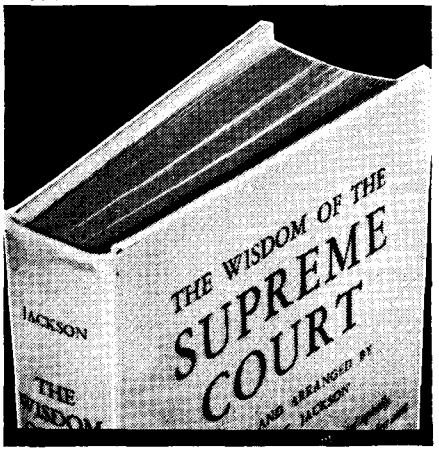
So I Sent $7 to The Wall Street Journal

High prices and taxes were getting me down. I had to have more money or reduce my standard of living.

So I sent $7 for a Trial Subscription to The Wall Street Journal. I heeded its warnings. I cashed in on the ideas it gave me for increasing my income and cutting expenses. I got the money I needed. Now I'm slowly forging ahead. Believe me, reading The Journal every day is a wonderful get-ahead plan.

This experience is typical. The Journal is a wonderful aid to salaried men making $7,500 to $30,000. It is valuable to the owner of a small business. It can be of priceless benefit to young men who want to win advancement.

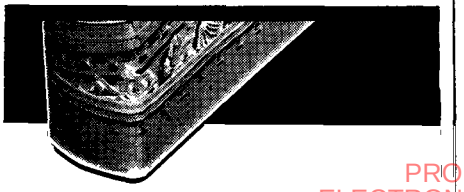
The Wall Street Journal has the largest staff of writers on business and finance. It costs $24 a year, but in order to acquaint you with The Journal, we make this offer: You can get a Trial Subscription for 3 months for $7. Just send this ad with check for $7. Or tell us to bill you. Address: The Wall Street Journal, 44 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y. RM 4-12



A treasury of original thought and sparkling wit from the highest court in the land

Douglas on civil liberties, Frankfurter on taxes, Holmes on the nature of happiness, Brandeis on labor — you'll find them in this handsome volume which eloquently reveals the substance and vigor of American justice over 170 years. More than 4,000 quotations are arranged under a wide variety of topics. Self-indexing.

THE WISDOM OF THE SUPREME COURT
Selected and arranged by **Percival E. Jackson**
$8.95 at bookstores. UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS



WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THERE IS something quite fascinating about our President, both about his personality and the way in which he exercises his tremendous powers. It is far too early to start talking of a Kennedy revolution, and should that time ever come, we would probably be the last to join that sort of controversy. Yet this young man has a way all his own of projecting his personality to the public both at home and abr... After he had won the election by the smallest of margins, his popularity almost immediately reached an extraordinarily high level and it has remained there with few if any oscillations. When he was working with indefatigable energy for his nomination and then fighting hard to win the election, he certainly could be called a controversial figure. Then came, if not exactly nation-wide unanimity of consent and praise (which would be unthinkable in a free society like ours), at least a wide predominance of both. The press has been reflecting this phenomenon—a press that by and large had not been too lenient toward his immediate Democratic predecessors, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman. What has happened? As we said, this phenomenon deserves thorough study. On one point there is no question: it is largely due to one man, our President himself. Two young newspapermen, still in their twenties, have set themselves the task of making the first comprehensive exploration of the phenomenon. **Worth Bingham** is a Washington correspondent for the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and **Ward S. Just** is a member of the Washington bureau of *Newsweek*.

EVEN IF the *Alianza para Progreso* had not made us particularly concerned with events in our sister republics of Latin America, what happened recently in Argentina would have been a shock. In a free election the victory went to a totalitarian movement. Has democracy failed in Argentina, or have the Argentinians failed democracy? **Medardo Rodríguez** is a Uruguayan journalist. . . . With the growing importance of the House of Representatives, we have been publishing a series of portraits of the various committee chairmen, the big and sometimes not too well-known men who actually rule the House. This time **Rowland Evans, Jr.,** who is with the Washington staff of the New York *Herald Tribune*, gives us a picture of one of the biggest of these men, Chairman Carl Vinson of the House Armed Services Committee. . . . One of the most flagrant examples of the disproportion in representation that has recently been condemned by the Supreme Court is in the State of Maryland. **J. Anthony Lukas,** who is with the Baltimore *Sun*, discusses what H. L. Mencken called "Barnyard Government" in that state. . . . The problem of ever-increasing farm productivity is one of the most difficult that any administration must face. A new approach has been suggested by Dr. Willard W. Cochrane, whose thinking is reflected in part in the agricultural bill that is now before Congress. **Hans Landsberg** is a Washington economist. . . . **Claire Sterling,** our Mediterranean correspondent, reports from Cairo on the trial of a group of French diplomats and other distinguished people on charges of espionage against President Nasser's police state.

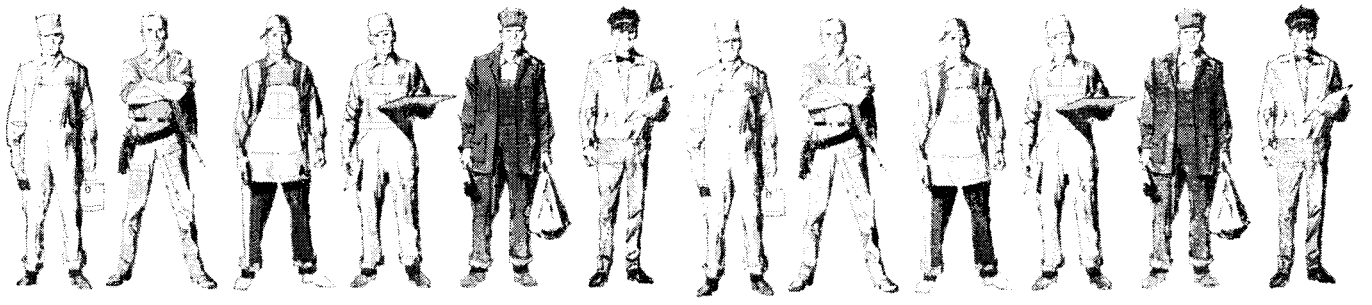
AMONG the books by **R. K. Narayan** available in this country are *The Man-Eater of Malgudi* and *The Guide* (Viking), *The Printer of Malgudi* (Michigan State), and *The Financial Expert* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). . . . **Noel Mostert,** a South African free-lance writer now living in London, writes with unabashed nostaglia of the age of the great ships. . . . As **Nat Hentoff** sees it, the pleasure of hearing jazz live in the clubs is diminished by the fact that the range of jazz now being played in the clubs is becoming increasingly narrow. . . . **M. L. Rosenthal** has just edited *The Selected Poems of William Butler Yeats* for Macmillan. . . . **Douglass Cater,** our Washington editor, reviews Mr. Nixon's interim report on his political career.

Our cover for this issue is by **Carol Hamann.**

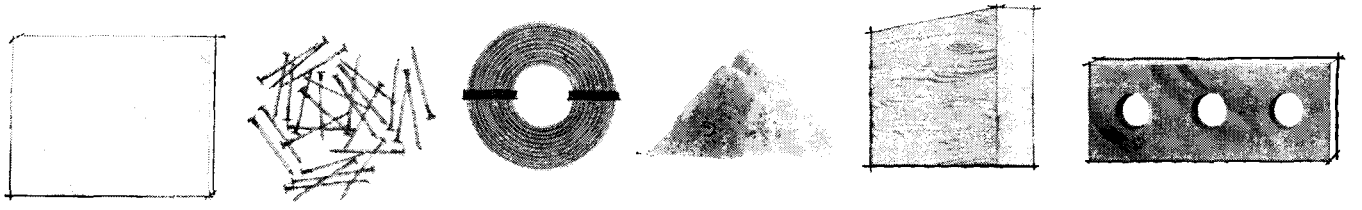
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How money saved at Insured Savings and Loan Associations benefits the whole country

Insured Savings and Loan Associations finance one-third of all new home construction.

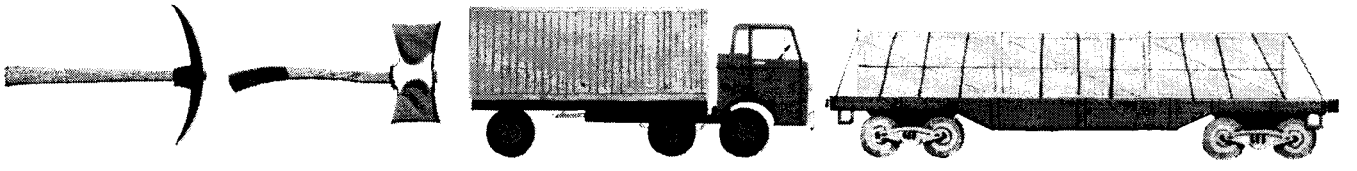


The building of these homes creates jobs for all kinds of workers in the construction industry.



Plus income for the many local dealers who supply the building materials.

Plus work for the factories and factory workers who make the things that go into these new homes.



Plus wages for the miners, lumbermen and transportation workers who produce and haul the raw materials. Dollars you save at Insured Savings and Loan Associations create benefits for the entire American economy.

FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN INSURANCE CORPORATION — SAFETY OF YOUR SAVINGS INSURED UP TO $10,000

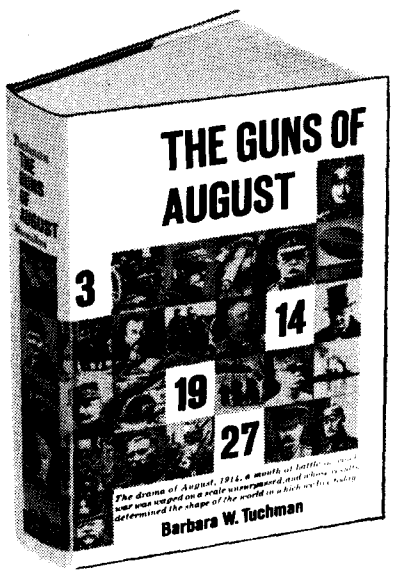
SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS

© 1962 THE SAVINGS AND LOAN FOUNDATION, INC., 1111 "E" ST., N.W., WASHINGTON 4, D.C.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEST SELLER

The compelling drama of August, 1914: 31 days that changed the world.



"SPLENDID"—New York Times

"A splendid, glittering performance, one of the finest works of history written in recent years." ORVILLE PRESCOTT

"CRACKLING"—New York Post

"So good—crackling, witty, compassionate, brooding—that the Pulitzer Committee ought to call a special meeting to discard its silly rule which limits the history prize to themes of American history." MAX LERNER

"DRAMATIC"—Time Magazine

"A detailed and dramatic account of the fateful first month of World War I: a set piece every actor in it had rehearsed for years and managed to turn into a shambles nevertheless."

"INSPIRING"—New York Times Book Review

"I have been unable to put this book down ...Barbara W. Tuchman writes brilliantly and inspiringly." CYRIL FALLS

"EXCITING"—Washington Post

"Brilliant narrative...exciting...clear, impartial, and convincing...an excellent job." BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT

"EXTRAORDINARY"—N. Y. Herald Tribune

"An extraordinarily good book—matching in color and lucidity, in broadness of scope and intensity of concentration on meaningful detail, the writings of C. V. Wedgwood on the English Civil War and those of Bruce Catton on our own." MAURICE DOLBIER

$6.95 at your bookstore • MACMILLAN

CORRESPONDENCE

SOVIET LITERATURE

To the Editor: I was much interested in Peter Viereck's article on the open conflict between humanist and doctrinaire poets in Russia ("The Split Personality of Soviet Literature," *The Reporter*, March 15).

Lilith Lorraine, the experienced editor of the "little" poetry magazine *Flame*, asserts that there are three million poets in the United States. By poets, she probably means people who have tried, at least a little, to write poetry. Yet public interest in poetry, which with us in late years has been hardly more than a smolder, is in Russia, apparently, a blaze.

I wonder sometimes if our passion for conformity does not do greater harm to our arts than Russia's government supervision. I can hardly imagine such a debate, written and spoken, taking place here between our traditionalist and modernist schools of poetry, as Mr. Viereck describes between Russia's two schools. But perhaps it is the very fact of government supervision that provokes the lively reaction of the poets.

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER
Portal, Arizona

To the Editor: In his admirable firsthand report on the great intellectual and moral ferment among writers and artists in the Soviet Union, Peter Viereck brought to his observations in that country a fund of human sympathy which enabled him to pierce the propaganda curtains. His evidence should help convince Americans of the essential falsity of the Kremlin's claim that it is loved and supported by its subjects. In recent years, unfortunately, too many well-meaning but insensitive American tourists have swallowed that claim uncritically.

The primary lesson I learned in six years' residence in Soviet Russia (1928-1934) was to distinguish sharply between the Communist dictatorship and those to whom it dictates, between the rulers and the ruled. At the end of 1953 I published my book, *Our Secret Allies: the Peoples of Russia*. Its core theme was the "permanent civil war" between the oligarchy and the Russian people.

That war has had its times of virulence and its times of calm, but it has never been called off. The revolt of the educated Soviet youth and its spokesmen in the arts—attested by many others, recently even by Harrison Salisbury, former Moscow correspondent for the New York *Times*—is a significant aspect of that continuing conflict.

The mood of the Soviet intelligentsia today is remarkably close to that which prevailed in Hungary on the eve of its revolution in the fall of 1956. The Kremlin crowd knows it only too well. Addressing a writers' conference in

A BORZOI BOOK

A famous novelist's lively account of our pioneer Republic in the 1830's

A DIARY IN AMERICA

With Remarks on Its Institutions

by Captain Frederick Marryat

Edited with n Introduction by S. W. JACKMAN

In April, 1837, the author of *Mr. Midshipman Easy* left England for an "exploratory" tour of the youthful United States. The result was this highly perceptive, controversial work. Mr. Jackman has included a wealth of material that appears in no other modern edition.

Typography, binding and jacket design by WARREN CHAPPELL

$5.95 at better bookstores

ALFRED · A · KNOPF, Publisher

The first account of the courageous story of men and women Negro and white who took part in the "non-violent" integration struggle in Knoxville

set down by a white man who was there

MERRILL PROUDFOOT

Professor of Religion and Philosophy, Knoxville College
Minister of the Presbyterian Church

DIARY OF A SIT-IN

$5.00 at all bookstores

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Calories Don't Count!

News about a revolutionary reducing plan, based on biochemical research, and now available for the first time in a new book

UNBELIEVABLE — but true! Eating fat can make you slim — it isn't *how many* calories you consume that matters — but *what kind* of calories. The inclusion of polyunsaturated fatty acids in your diet is the essential step toward loosening the body's long-stored fat. It is the key to your losing only *excess* fat rather than vital body tissue.

In his just-published book, CALORIES DON'T COUNT, Dr. Herman Taller explains the principles behind this new theory of the body's chemistry — and tells you in full detail:

1. How to eat three full meals a day and lose weight safely
2. Why you must never leave the table hungry if you want to be slim
3. How you can eat heartily while those extra inches disappear
4. Why you may eat fried foods every day and keep slim — what kind of fats to fry them in
5. What foods (this includes the greatest surprise of all to people who have suffered through calorie-counting diets) you should avoid
6. Why large portions of meat, fowl, or sea food are essential to your slimming program
7. Sample recipes including pot roast, fried chicken, cheese cake and mayonnaise

The story back of Dr. Taller's radical new method for losing inches without starvation

Dr. Herman Taller is a gynecologist and obstetrician who became interested in theories of obesity for personal reasons when he himself weighed 265 pounds. After hungry years of unsuccessful experimenting with standard calorie-counting diets he happened to take part in an anti-cholesterol experiment which involved *adding* a specific kind of fat to his diet. To the astonishment of Dr. Taller and the researchers involved, he found himself fastening his belt on a tighter notch, discovered that his clothes were becoming too big. *He found himself adding calories and losing weight.* Was this some fluke? Would it work for others?

With mounting excitement Dr. Taller began spending all his spare time in the medical libraries, reading everything that existed on obesity and metabolism. He discovered no clues, until one day he came upon an article by the late Dr. Alfred W. Pennington which contained the first glimmer, the first specific evidence to explain what was happening to him. He determined to proceed from Dr. Pennington's beginnings to work out a program that would solve the "diet problem" once and for all.

After painstaking research he put his program into practice on a group of 93 problem dieters with extraordinary success. Today patients from all over the country come to Dr. Taller for treatment. And his principles have won ever widening interest in the medical field. In the preface to his book he writes:

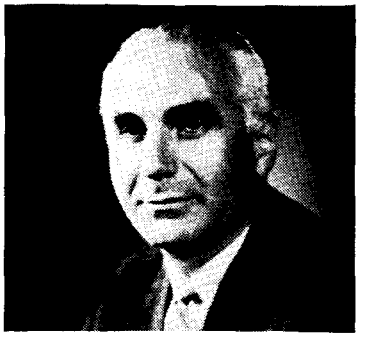
> "The concept this book advances is revolutionary. Perhaps all I need say in support of my new nutrition principle is that it works . . . This new principle is based on new knowledge — a medical breakthrough, so to speak. Before proceeding, I think it is wise to warn you that this breakthrough is so dramatic that it will probably invalidate all you know, or think you know, about the cause and the treatment of obesity."

Eat steak, french fried potatoes, and lose weight safely

Revolutionary indeed. Following Dr. Taller's 14-point plan, you will be free from the discouragement — to say nothing of the danger — of the endless chain of diet-gain-diet-gain. And you will be free from the crash diets that more often than not result in a gaunt face (easier for the *calorie*-starved body to break down vital tissue than hard long-stored excess fat) while unaesthetic bulges remain.

With Dr. Taller's new plan — specifically directed at breaking down and burning *excess fat*, you eat well (even piecrust and french fried potatoes) — never know the pangs of hunger, and lose *not just pounds* but, specifically, the bulges you want to lose in order to be pleased with your image in the mirror and the fit of your clothes. And you stay slim.

It is a simple plan. But its rules, though easy to follow, are specific. They are clearly outlined in Dr. Taller's book, CALORIES DON'T COUNT. Read it and liberate yourself, once and for all, from both starvation and overweight.



DR. HERMAN TALLER

Dr. Taller is a noted New York gynecologist and obstetrician. His patients — many of them famous names in the entertainment world — come from all over the country, and even South America, for his treatment. He became interested in reducing for personal reasons. After years of unsuccessful experimentation with standard diets he prescribed one of his own —*and lost 65 pounds in eight months.* His nutrition principles have since gained national attention.

FREE 30-DAY EXAMINATION
Send No Money Now

Let us send you a copy of CALORIES DON'T COUNT to read and use for THIRTY DAYS FREE. Then if you don't agree that Dr. Taller's book is by far the finest, sanest, *best* reducing book you've ever seen, simply send it back and pay nothing.

If, however, you decide to keep it, remit only $3.95 (plus a few cents postage) as payment in full. Mail coupon *today* to: SIMON AND SCHUSTER, INC., Dept. C-123, Great Neck Road, Great Neck. N. Y.

MAIL TODAY FOR 30 DAYS' FREE EXAMINATION

To your bookseller, or

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, INC.,
Publishers, Dept. C-123,
Great Neck Road, Great Neck, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of Dr. Herman Taller's exciting new book, CALORIES DON'T COUNT, for thirty days' Free Examination. If not convinced that it will help me reduce substantially and sanely, I may return the book within thirty days and pay nothing. Otherwise, I will send only $3.95 (plus a few cents postage) as payment in full.

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....

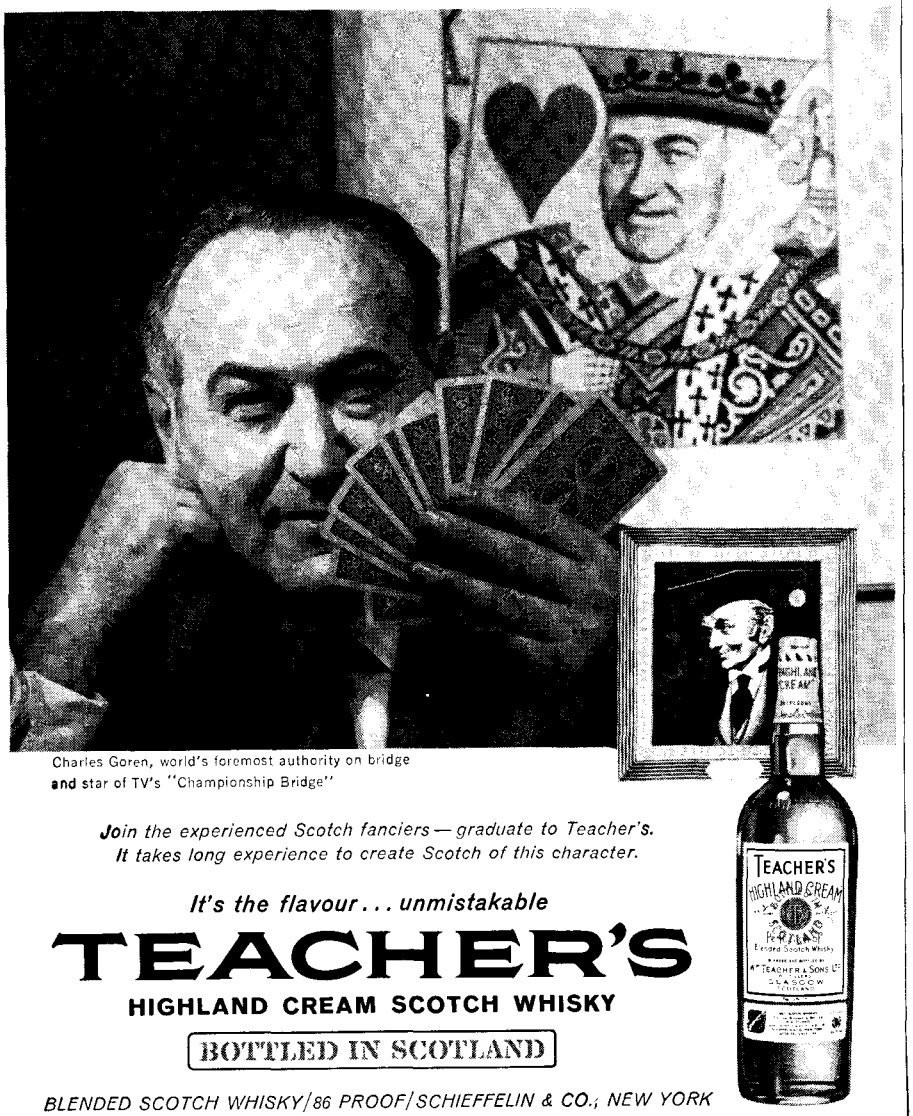
State.....

☐ SAVE POSTAGE! Check here if you send $3.95 WITH this coupon as payment in full. Then WE PAY POSTAGE. Same 30-day return privilege for full refund GUARANTEED.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN BRIDGE...
EXPERIENCE IS THE GREAT TEACHER

IN SCOTCH...
TEACHER'S
IS THE GREAT EXPERIENCE



Charles Goren, world's foremost authority on bridge and star of TV's "Championship Bridge"

Join the experienced Scotch fanciers — graduate to Teacher's. It takes long experience to create Scotch of this character.

It's the flavour... unmistakable

TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM SCOTCH WHISKY
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY/86 PROOF/SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #52

Acrostician—

WILLY BRANDT

			I	H	P	B	L							
	B	A	D	R	E	P	U	T	A	T	I	O	N	
	R		E	E		C		W		G		O		
C	O	W	A	R	D		C	A	L	C	U	T	T	A
	W		L		L	E	O		E		L		I	
I	N	J	U	R	E		O	L	D	B	E	A	N	S
	T		S		S		N			O			T	
T	H	E	E	A	S	T		T	H	O	U	G	H	T
	R			C			C		O		N		E	
H	A	C	I	E	N	D	A		M	Y	T	Y	P	E
	S		S		E		P	I	E		H		A	
S	H	U	C	K	I	N	G		P	A	R	E	R	S
	E		O		G		U		O		E		T	
	R	O	U	G	H	A	N	D	R	E	A	D	Y	
			T		S		S		T		D			

1957, Khrushchev said ominously that if the Hungarian government had shot a few writers, it would have avoided all the trouble, and added that under similar circumstances in Russia, "My hand will not tremble."

Even more important, the intellectual ferment is close to the traditions of Russia in the century preceding the 1917 upheaval. Now, as then, writers are attacking anti-Semitism. Now, as then, they are clamoring for more creative freedom. Now, as then, they are celebrating concepts of truth, love, justice, personal dignity and responsibility.

Peter Viereck, like all of us who are outspoken and unambiguous in exposing and attacking Communism, will be branded "anti-Russian" by the uninformed or the knowing partisans of Communism. In truth we consider ourselves *pro*-Russian; those who give aid and comfort to the Kremlin régime are "anti-Russian." In the civil war to which I have alluded, one must choose sides. We cannot logically be for the people and for the régime at the same time. It would be well, indeed, if the free governments of the world recognized this, to make clear that their opposition to the Kremlin oligarchy and its works is motivated by friendship and understanding for the Russian peoples, the first and worst victims of Communist power.

Today, as in the Czarist past, the Russian writers try to voice what the inchoate masses feel. In an article on the poet Yevtushenko in the last issue of *Mainstream*, I dealt with the growing ferment among writers and artists, their angry rejection of official uniforms. The article ended with these words:

"The phenomenon is clearly in the Russian revolutionary tradition. While it would be unwise to build too many hopes on it, we would be even unwiser to ignore its portents for the future."

EUGENE LYONS, Senior Editor
The *Reader's Digest*
Pleasantville, New York

BERLIN

To the Editor: I find David Binder's article ("Are We Really Standing Firm in Berlin?" *The Reporter*, March 15) interesting although some of his "facts" are not fully factual. However, it is a subject which needs to be fully discussed and debated at home and I am happy indeed that *The Reporter* recognizes this.

LUCIUS D. CLAY
General, Retired
U.S. Army
U.S. Mission Berlin
Berlin, Germany

UNEMPLOYMENT

To the Editor: Bernard D. Nossiter's "The Paradoxes of Unemployment" (*The Reporter*, March 15) is a timely if somewhat pessimistic discussion of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For people who read as they please...

An invitation to **pool your purchasing power** with others who take their reading as seriously as you do

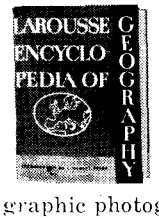
ANY 3 FOR $3.95

with a trial membership in the

HUDSON BOOK CLUB

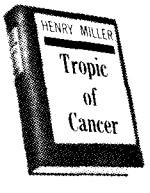
SAVE AS MUCH AS $31.05 WITH THIS INTRODUCTORY OFFER. To demonstrate that good taste need not be expensive. The distinguished volumes listed here sell for as much as $17.50. Most are Hudson Book Club "exclusives"—you would pay full price anywhere else. As you see, this is no ordinary offer. But this is no ordinary book club.

Established for readers who know what they want without reference to the bestseller list, the Hudson Book Club saves you an average of one-half on books you would ordinarily buy anyway—by means of low Members' Prices and free Bonus Books. You receive a free Bonus Book of your choice with every four selections of alternates you accept. You take no risk. Mail coupon today while offer lasts.



LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GEOGRAPHY (Europe). A mammoth encyclopedia devoted in its entirety to the 32 countries of Europe (except U.S.S.R.). With 676 masterpieces of modern mapmaking and geographic photography. **List Price $17.50**

AFRICAN GENESIS. The Animal Origins and Nature of Man. By Robert Ardrey. "Could become the cause célèbre of the season."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* **List Price $6.95**



TROPIC OF CANCER. By Henry Miller. The complete text with an Introduction by *Karl Shapiro.* "One of the most significant contributions to the literature of our time." —*Sir Herbert Read.* **List Price $7.50**

DUAL SELECTION—COUNTS AS ONE

FIRMAMENT OF TIME. By Loren Eiseley, author of *The Immense Journey.* How modern science has changed man's view of himself and his world.

THE LIBERAL HOUR. John Kenneth Galbraith, the author of *The Affluent Society* explodes still more of the myths that blind America to today's realities.

Combined List Price $7.00

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD. By Ernest Jones. One-volume edition of a modern classic, "the definitive life of Freud and one of the great biographies of our time."—*The Atlantic.* Ed. and abridged by Lionel Trilling & Steven Marcus. **List Price $7.50**

THE ROTHSCHILDS. By Frederic Morton. A brilliant study of the almost legendary banking dynasty whose family history is part of the *secret* history of the past 150 years. Illus. with family portraits and photographs. **List Price $5.95**

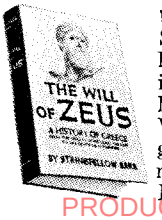
THEY STUDIED MAN. By Abram Kardiner and Edward Preble. The great thinkers, from Darwin and Freud to Benedict and Malinowski, who shaped our view of modern man. **List Price $5.00**

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO. By Geoffrey Bibbey. Life in the millennium which saw the birth of Abraham, the building of Stonehenge, the glory of Egypt, the sack of Troy, and the fall of Knossos. Illus. **List Price $6.95**

THE CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH NOVEL. By Frederick R. Karl. A study of Snow, Durrell, Greene, Waugh, Orwell, Cary, Beckett and others. **List Price $4.95**

A READER'S GUIDE TO DYLAN THOMAS. By William York Tindall. One of the most brilliant modern poets, explained in a poem-by-poem analysis. **List Price $4.95**

THE EROTIC IN LITERATURE. By David Loth. "Actually adds a new important dimension to the whole question." —*Morris L. Ernst.* **List Price $5.95**



THE WILL OF ZEUS. By Stringfellow Barr. A history of Greece that is also a consummate literary achievement. Written with power, grandeur, beauty, and magnificent scholarship. Illus. **List Price $10.00**

THE IMAGE. By Daniel J. Boorstin. A fascinating often shocking study of how we have hypnotized ourselves with an image of American life that has no basis in reality. **List Price $5.00**

THE TREASURES OF TIME. Ed. by Leo Deuel. Great discoveries of Near Eastern archaeology in the words of the great archaeologists themselves – from Belzoni and Carter to Schliemann, Evans, and Ventris. Illustrated. **List Price $6.00**

NO MONEY NEED BE SENT NOW*

***But if you enclose $3.95 with this coupon you get an even bigger bargain – three selections of your choice PLUS A FREE copy of TOULOUSE-LAUTREC by Henri Perruchot, the definitive biography illustrated with rare photographs of Lautrec, his models, friends and family (list price $6.00). Our way of thanking you for making our bookkeeping easier.**

HUDSON BOOK CLUB
131 Varick Street, New York 13, N. Y.

You may enroll me as a trial member of the Hudson Book Club and send me these THREE selections for only $3.95.

1._____

2._____

3._____

☐ Please bill me at $3.95 plus shipping charge.
☐ I enclose $3.95. Club will pay shipping and you will include my free copy of Toulouse-Lautrec.

Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a Monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I agree to buy as few as four additional selections (or alternates) at the reduced Members' Price during the next twelve months; and I may resign at any time thereafter. I will receive a free BONUS BOOK for every four I accept after this introductory offer.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with this 3-for-$3.95 Special Offer, you may return the selections within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.

MR-84

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW TITLES IN THE
MODERN LIBRARY
CLOTHBOUND CLASSICS
AT PAPERBACK PRICES
ONLY **$1.95** EACH • GIANTS **$2.95** EACH

The Odyssey
A new translation by ENNIS REES of Homer's epic. $1.95

Selected Short Stories of William Faulkner
Thirteen stories, written between 1930 and 1955, including *Barn Burning, A Rose for Emily, Red Leaves* and *That Evening Sun.* $1.95

Livy: A History of Rome
Selections. A new translation, with an introduction by MOSES HADAS, Jay Professor of Classics, Columbia University, and JOE P. POE. $1.95

The Apocrypha
The translation by EDGAR J. GOODSPEED, introduction by MOSES HADAS. $1.95

The Counterfeiters
By ANDRÉ GIDE. This edition includes the day book that Gide kept while writing the novel; a unique view into the mind of a great novelist at work. $1.95

Hiroshima
By JOHN HERSEY. The story of six people who survived the explosion of the atom bomb over Hiroshima. $1.95

Great Ages and Ideas of the Jewish People
Edited by LEO W. SCHWARZ. A brilliant interpretation by six eminent historians of the four-thousand-year civilization of the Jewish people. Giant. $2.95

Now at your bookstore. For a complete list of Modern Library and Vintage Paperback books, write to RANDOM HOUSE, INC., 457 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

THE BRIDGE

VOLUME IV
A Yearbook of Judaeo-Christian Studies
Edited by
JOHN M. OESTERREICHER

The Bridge is devoted to an ecumenical vision of the Christian-Jewish relationship. Volume IV of the series inquires into various aspects of the love of God in the two traditions. The Old and New Testaments, the Christian mystics, rabbinical literature, recent writings and contemporary events are examined by authors from many lands.

$4.50, now at your bookstore **PANTHEON**

McGUFFEY'S READERS

After a long and costly search, reprints of the original 1879 revised editions of the famous McGuffey's Readers have been completed and you can now purchase exact copies at the following low prices POSTPAID:

1st Reader	$2.50	4th Reader	$3.50
2nd Reader	$2.75	5th Reader	$3.75
3rd Reader	$3.25	6th Reader	$4.25

OLD AUTHORS, Dept. RT-4 Rowan, Iowa

ANY BOOK

No matter how old or how long out-of-print located by expert staff. "Name the book—we'll find it." Fiction or non-fiction. All authors, subjects. Free search—courteous service—no obligation.

BOOKS-ON-FILE, Dept. RT
Union City, New Jersey

PRODUCED BY NAP LICENSE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the problem of continuing high levels of unemployment.

Unemployment is not a simple problem susceptible to simple cures. Rather, it stems from a variety of economic trends and dislocations. This is why different types of actions have been proposed. While it is true that a more rapid increase in the demand for goods and services and an accelerated growth in the economy would substantially reduce the volume of unemployment, it would not necessarily completely solve the problem. It would not, for example, provide enough job opportunities for unemployed workers stranded in an area of persistent unemployment. Neither would it solve the problem of those unemployed who lack the skills required by employers.

You will be pleased to know that the figures for February, released last week, indicate that the unemployment situation continues to improve, if rather slowly. Normally there is little change in the number of unemployed at this time of year, but this February, unemployment declined by 120,000. As a result, the seasonally adjusted rate of unemployment dropped from 5.8 per cent to 5.6 per cent, the lowest level since July 1960. This is a long way from being a healthy rate of unemployment, but at least the trend is in the right direction.

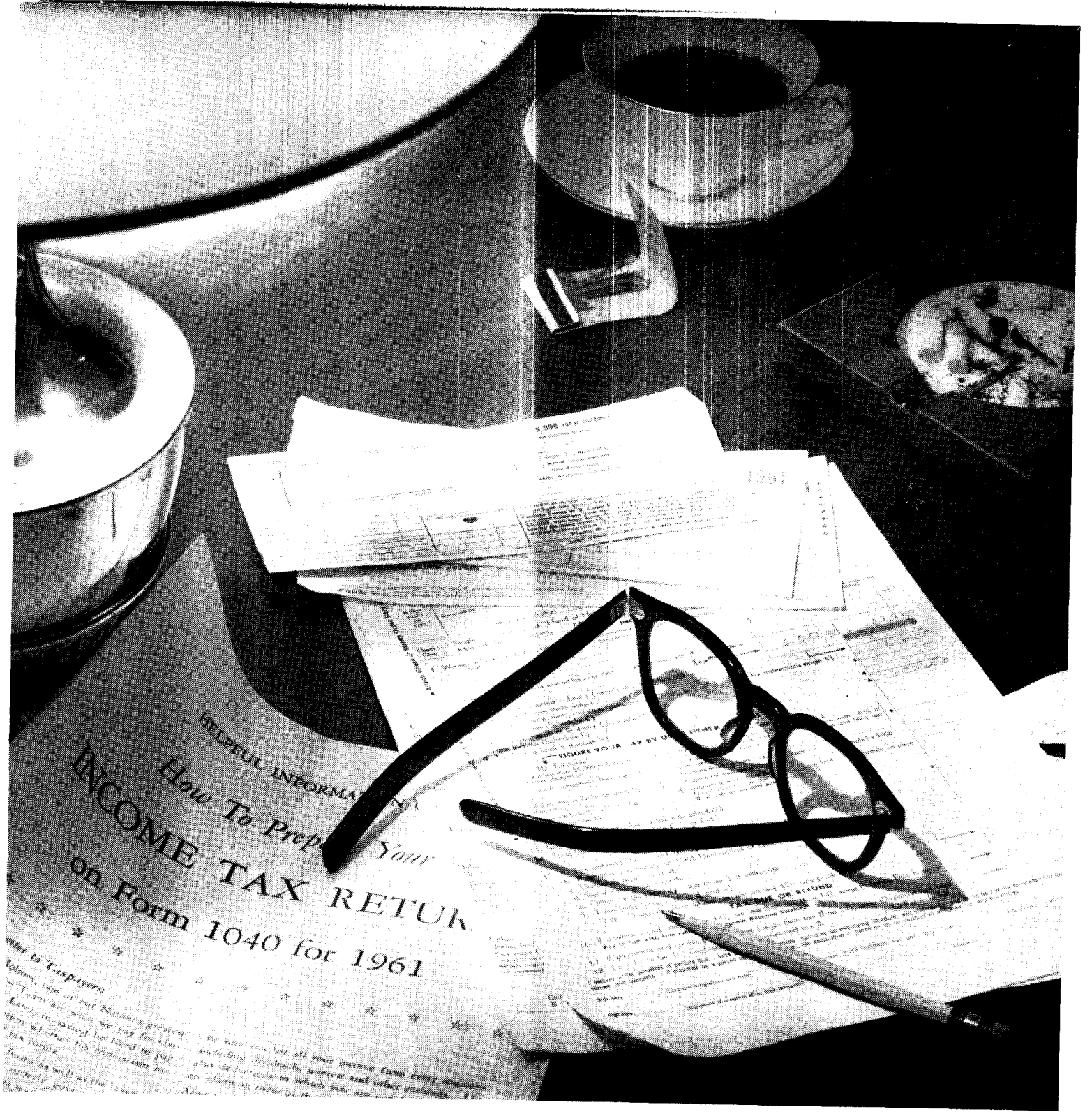
ROBERT C. GOODWIN
U.S. Department of Labor
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: I felt that Mr. Nossiter's article was extremely well done. As a result, I placed the entire article in the *Congressional Record* on the day on which I made a few remarks about the nature of our present unemployment problem.

EUGENE J. MCCARTHY
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Bernard Nossiter's article disturbs us in proportion as it appears to imply that relief from unemployment can be found in government effort. In our free enterprise, government manipulation tends to increase rather than relieve unemployment. In the past, our economy has responded positively to surges of progress just as serious in their day as the one we now label "automation," and surges in population expansion just as serious in their day as what we now face with sudden expansion in the number of new young entrants to the labor market. We believe that if government will stop its competition with private business and withdraw from its exclusive involvement in and attempts to plan and control business affairs, our economy will grow and unemployment need not "remain a massive and enigmatic problem."

GERRY E. MORSE, Vice President
Minneapolis-Honeywell
Regulator Co.
Minneapolis



SUPPOSE YOU COULD DECIDE, TONIGHT, just how the government should spend your tax money. You would certainly want it used to keep America's defenses strong. But is there any point in having it spent needlessly, in other fields? Some people want the federal government to pour a lot of your tax money into more electric plants and lines. This is unnecessary, because the investor-owned electric light and power companies can supply all the additional electric power a growing America will need. Why should anybody insist on using your money for a job that can be done without tax spending?

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies

...SERVING MORE THAN 140,000,000 PEOPLE ACROSS THE NATION

Sponsors' names on request through this magazine

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW EARN

4 3/4%

CURRENT ANNUAL RATE

COMPOUNDED OR PAID QUARTERLY

ON YOUR SAVINGS AND DAILY EARNINGS TOO!

Earnings on accounts are compounded or paid quarterly...funds received or postmarked by the 10th of any month earn from the 1st, and after the 10th, from date of receipt to end of the quarter. *In addition, all funds remaining for 6 months or more earn to the date of withdrawal.*

Safety of your account, personal or group, is insured up to $10,000 by an agency of the U.S. Government.

Saving by mail is fast and easy with free two-way air postage on all accounts assuring prompt and personal attention.

"The Considered Choice of Responsible People"

METROPOLITAN SAVINGS

& LOAN ASSOCIATION

Write today for information

Metropolitan Savings & Loan Assoc., Dept. R
808 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 17, Calif.

☐ Please airmail full information about Metropolitan Savings.

☐ Please open my account $____ enclosed.

Check:
Personal Account ☐ Organization Account ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Court's Decision

It was a decision as momentous as the greatest the Supreme Court has handed down from the days of Chief Justice Marshall, one of those decisions which appear as news in the chronicles of the day but are endowed with the enduring quality that is the stuff of history. We hasten to add that the minority opinions which accompanied the Court's decision in the reapportionment case immeasurably contribute to its history-making impact. The dissent could not have been better formulated or expressed by a man more suited for this task than Mr. Justice Frankfurter, who, no matter how people may label him now, is the inheritor of a glorious tradition of dissenting judges. With all our profound respect for Mr. Justice Brennan and his five colleagues, we think it fortunate that the decision was not a unanimous one.

Some say, for instance, that the decision has been a gain for majority rule. Certainly it is a rule we cherish as basic to our institutions. But at the same time, we must never forget that in our country its effectiveness has been guaranteed by the qualifications and exceptions the Founding Fathers saw fit to add to it. When we read that the President, in commenting on the decision, said, "There is no sense of a senator representing five million people sitting next to a senator representing ten thousand people," then, for a moment, we wondered which Senate he had in mind. The President certainly knows as well as anybody else that ours is a system of balanced and unequal representation. It has worked amazingly well. If we want to find an instance of a more literal interpretation of majority rule, let's look at Argentina.

But is there anybody, even among the most passionate believers in states' rights, willing to maintain that our state governments have lived up to their role as caretakers of their own sectors of public interest and have grown strong and capable enough to establish adequate co-operation with the Federal government while exerting some check on it?

Most of our states, if not all, have been for decades quietly though darkly—because of the lack of public interest—using their right to slide into obsolescence. It is to this specific problem, if our reading of the decision is correct, that the Court's

THE LITTLE PIGGIE . . . . .

How to tell when you've "arrived" . . . When you and the maître d' discuss the Market before the Menu.—Adv.

I've made it, I've made it!
I gave Emile
A tip on the market, a sure-fire deal,
And after he thanked me, he said would I care
For his very superlative moules marinieres?

I've made it, I've made it!
Emile told me
Of a hint he had heard about L.F. and E.,
And after I thanked him, I said I'd prefer
Their really delectable cervelles au beurre!

—SEC

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHOOSE ANY ALBUM ON THIS PAGE

VALUES UP TO $17.85

for only **2.95**

WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE

Shakespeare Recording Society

Now you and your family can enjoy your own Shakespeare festival—with your living room as the stage. The Shakespeare Recording Society—in association with Caedmon, the leading name in spoken-word records—is producing *all* the works of Shakespeare... *in complete performances*... specifically for home listening... featuring the greatest Shakespearean actors and actresses of our time, including:

Sir John Gielgud	**Sir Ralph Richardson**
Dame Edith Evans	**Margaret Leighton**
Albert Finney	**Paul Scofield**
Siobhan McKenna	**Jessica Tandy**
Sir Donald Wolfit	**Dame Peggy Ashcroft**
Richard Burton	**Cyril Cusack**
Trevor Howard	**Claire Bloom**
Stanley Holloway	**Anthony Quayle**

These are the consummate performances you have read and heard about... performances which have won world-wide acclaim from listeners, critics, educators and students. Each Shakespeare Recording Society album brings you a *full length performance* of the play on two or three long-playing records. Not just highlights or excerpts, which cannot do justice to the story or the beauty of Shakespeare's writing, but the *entire production*—with all the music and sound effects—*just as you would enjoy it in the theatre!* Albums also contain the complete text in book form, and authoritative background notes by Professor G. B. Harrison, noted Shakespearean scholar.

The Shakespeare Recording Society albums belong in the home of every cultured American... as important as your dictionary or encyclopedia. Use the coupon below to join the thousands of Shakespeare Recording Society members, and enjoy *your* favorite Shakespeare plays whenever you wish... at the flick of a switch ...in the comfort of your home.

HOW THE MEMBERSHIP PLAN WORKS

When you enroll as a member of the Shakespeare Recording Society, you receive the album of your choice for only $2.95. You will be notified in advance of new productions—released on an average of one every two months. You will also be given the opportunity to purchase albums previously released at considerable savings. You may choose or reject new selections as you wish—your only obligation is to purchase three albums, in addition to the one you choose on the order form below, the first year you are a member. After you have purchased these three albums, at special members' prices, you will automatically receive —with your fourth selection, and with every fourth selection thereafter—a *free* Caedmon spoken-word recording or set.

The retail prices of Shakespeare Recording Society albums are $11.90 for two-record sets, $17.85 for three. But by becoming a member of the Society, you pay only $8.90 for two-record albums, $12.90 for three—plus a small postage and handling charge. You may choose either stereo or monaural records at these low prices.

PRAISE FOR THE SHAKESPEARE RECORDING SOCIETY PRODUCTIONS

"An impressive recording project" —*Time* Magazine

"Excellent theatre" —*Saturday Review*

"Invaluable from an educational standpoint" —*Washington Daily News*

"A must for any intelligent family's record library... a classic, living Shakespeare" —*Clifton Fadiman*

"Top-notch performances, both technically and artistically" —*Edward Tatnall Canby*

This coupon brings you up to $17.85 worth of records for only $2.95

ALBUMS NOW AVAILABLE:

ROMEO AND JULIET, with Claire Bloom, Albert Finney and Dame Edith Evans. (Three-record album, retail value $17.85)

MACBETH, with Anthony Quayle, Gwen Frangcon Davies and Stanley Holloway. (Two-record album, retail value $11.90)

KING RICHARD THE SECOND, with Sir John Gielgud, Keith Michell and Leo McKern. (Three-record album, retail value $17.85)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, with Sir John Gielgud, Margaret Leighton and Sir Ralph Richardson. (Three-record album, retail value $17.85)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW, with Trevor Howard and Margaret Leighton. (Two-record album, retail value $11.90)

OTHELLO, with Frank Silvera, Cyril Cusack, Celia Johnson and Anna Massey. (Three-record album, retail value $17.85)

THE WINTER'S TALE, with Sir John Gielgud and Dame Peggy Ashcroft. (Three-record album, retail value $17.85)

TWELFTH NIGHT, with Siobhan McKenna, Paul Scofield, John Neville and Vanessa Redgrave. (Three-record album, retail value $17.85)

TROYLUS AND CRESSIDA, with Diane Cilento, Jeremy Brett, Cyril Cusack and Max Adrian. (Three-record album, retail value $17.85)

CORIOLANUS, with Richard Burton and Jessica Tandy. (Three-record album, retail value $17.85)

ENROLLMENT FORM

Please enroll me as a member of the Shakespeare Recording Society and send me the album selected below for only $2.95.

(YOUR SELECTION)

Until further notice, send records in:

☐ Monaural (can be played on any 33⅓ RPM phonograph)

☐ Stereo (can be played only on stereophonic equipment)

Forthcoming albums will be described to me in advance and I may reject recordings simply by returning the form provided. I agree to buy three additional albums the first year I am a member, and am free to cancel any time thereafter. With the fourth album I purchase at special members' prices —$8.90 for two-record sets, $12.90 for three records, plus a small charge for postage and handling, and with every fourth selection thereafter—I shall receive, as a bonus, a Caedmon spoken-word recording or set. I may order as many sets of a particular album as I wish at special members' prices, and will receive bonus credit for each.

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

State _____

41R

☐ Please bill me for $2.95, plus mailing and handling.

☐ I enclose $2.95 (The Society pays all postage and handling charges in U.S.A. N.Y.C. residents please add 3% sales tax.)

The Shakespeare Recording Society, Inc.
461 Eighth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

41R

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"FASCINATING READING.
Original in the way in which the main figures in psychology are represented and criticized. But it goes beyond the psychological movement and shows how this movement is a mirror of man's general situation in our time." — PAUL TILLICH

Gerald Sykes'
THE HIDDEN REMNANT

"Here is a book full of information and wisdom. . . . It sparkles with the speculations of a first-rate, well-furnished mind and will provoke the kind of controversy that can stoke a conversation right into the dawn . . . his chapters on the psychologists, their sources, critics, and beneficiaries, are not only explicit but often brilliant."
— *Saturday Review*

"Mr. Sykes' writing is brilliant . . . he is writing an urgent tract for the times to point out how in crucial areas of our life today — art, politics, and the uses of science — self-knowledge might mean salvation while its absence must mean disaster."
— *The Atlantic*

"The author has rediscovered, while writing this book, certain wellsprings of cultural creativity that are overlooked or disregarded by most intellectuals."— MIRCEA ELIADE

"One of the very best books I have ever read on the spiritual and human cost of technical progress." — PETER VIERECK

"I think it is a most important book. . . . It should receive the recognition of all clear-minded, subtle, compassionate human beings."
— LILLIAN SMITH

$4.00 *at all bookstores*
HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

majority addressed itself. Mr. Justice Frankfurter has said that it is up to the people to bring about the changes. But how? The people of Maryland or of Georgia, for instance, leaving Tennessee aside, have done their best, through their most articulate citizens, to bring about those changes. But they have been up against a stone wall. Yet if the metropolitan areas are going to be brought under law, this must be done primarily by the states themselves. Washington, of course, has a role to play, but it must be a somewhat distant one. The Supreme Court decision, by itself, does not revitalize the states. It only gives to the citizens (and not necessarily to the political parties) a chance to strengthen whatever fraction of sovereignty is left to the states.

Every act of Constitutional legislation, or every interpretation of the Constitution by our highest court, is only a mortgage on the nation's future. Now it is up to organized groups of citizens, in every state, to think and act so that this newest heavy mortgage may be redeemed. If they fail to act, or if they act thoughtlessly, then the minority opinion of Mr. Justice Frankfurter is there, and it gives a warning that will never stop being heeded. As we all should know, the minority opinion of a great judge frequently turns out to be the court decision of tomorrow.—MAX ASCOLI

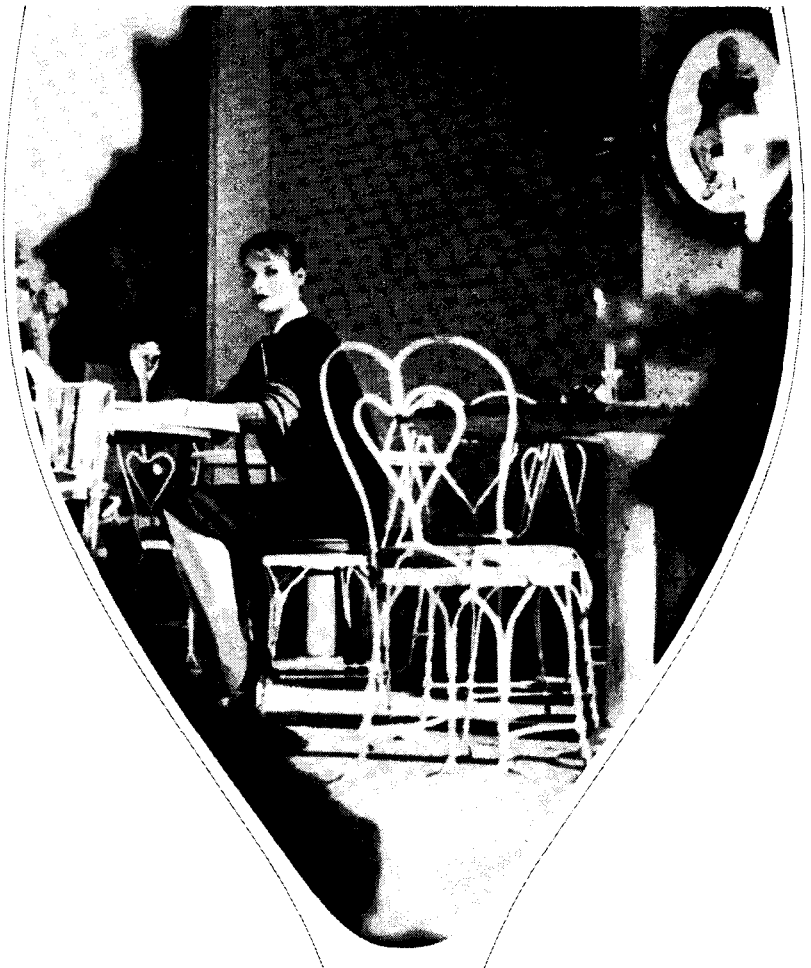
We Reserve the Right . . .

To the variety of measures suggested to solve the problem of racial discrimination in this country—legislative action, Executive order, passive resistance, active boycott—another may now be added. It is at once cheaper and simpler than any of the methods currently employed and has the advantage of sidestepping altogether such worrisome matters as Federal-state relations, the limitations of the judiciary, and even personal prejudice. According to a small item in the *New York Times*, the parliament of the Union of South Africa is considering a bill which would redefine the term "white person." "The bill defines a 'white' person," the *Times* reports, "as one who is obviously white in appearance and is not generally accepted as colored, or one who is generally accepted as white though not obviously white in appearance." Desegregation by semantics couldn't work overnight, of course, but what's good enough for South Africa, it seems to us, ought to be good enough, say, for Maryland's Route 40, where some restaurateurs are still said to be discriminating against their will. "This restaurant," future signs might read, "only accepts white people. By white people we mean both white people who are white and white people who are colored." You will admit the idea has possibilities.

The Latest Word

The current united front against the Third Edition of Webster's New International Dictionary and its editor, Dr. Philip B. Gove, proves once again that where the big issues are concerned, Americans are truly bipartisan. From the *National Review* to the *Nation*, reviewers and editorial writers have joined to protest Dr. Gove's permissiveness in citing usage rather than formal rule or correctness as the authority for a given word. The *Nation*, in particular, is worried about what will come of the "language . . . in careless or ignorant hands." We hadn't realized that hands could be ignorant or that even well-informed hands were something you put a language in. Never mind; the *Nation* believes Dr. Gove has been derelict in his duty to defend "the niceties" of English "against the erosion of vulgar usage." In so stating, the editorial points out, it is not being "snobbish." It is only trying to preserve "crispness" of expression, and accordingly will not even use the Third Edition, but will stick with the Second. But why stop there? Dictionaries have been at this thing for several hundred years and definitions that have crept into respectability in the past few centuries on the basis of usage appear to have corrupted even the *Nation*. "Niceties" indeed. In Middle English they were simply "follies" and "wantonness." And why preserve expressions that are "crisp"—"curly" and "wavy," that is? In fact, we would say that the *Nation* isn't being snobbish enough—if "snobs" weren't actually "cobblers."

REPRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Tonight could be the night even at coffee time

When you settle down for coffee, why settle for *coffee?* The Champagne Break has several advantages we can spot instantly. For one thing, it often occurs at the end of the business day. Sometimes bells ring which have nothing to do with business. You can enjoy it even if you haven't seen the inside of an office for years. Because actually the Paul Masson Champagne Coffee Break can be the high spot of *anyone's* otherwise routine day. Here's how: Choose from Brut, Extra Dry or Pink Champagne; or Sparkling Burgundy. You qualify with: The Jeroboam (34 glasses), The Magnum (17 glasses), The Bottle (8 glasses), The Half-Bottle (4 glasses), or La Petite (2 glasses). Why not write for our booklet? We enjoy our breaks at Saratoga, California.

PAUL MASSON

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books that dare to confront urgent problems

the integrating mind: An Exploration Into Western Thought

WILLIAM F. LYNCH, S.J. A forthright attack on the modern tendency to think in terms of either-or and nothing-but. "This eloquent and learned plea for tolerance and the patient acceptance of variety for the sake of preserving all valid insights and conceptions of the meaning of human existence, deserves a wide reading."— REINHOLD NIEBUHR.

". . . vibrates with freedom and reality."— CHARLES MALIK, former president, U. N. General Assembly. $3.95

german catholics and hitler's wars

GORDON ZAHN. "Professor Zahn has written a book equally distinguished by the objectivity of its scholarship and its thought-provoking analysis. Though it is concerned with German Catholics, it is of immediate importance to all of us who in this age of nationalism . . . face the contradiction between our loyalty to a moral supranational order and our acceptance of real or alleged national interests."
— HANS KOHN. $4.75

At your bookstore

SHEED & WARD
New York 3

AFTER THE CEASE-FIRE

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

Whatever the long-range implications of the Algerian peace settlement may be, there is no longer any doubt that President de Gaulle has already achieved his immediate objective. He has brought an honorable end to the seven years' colonial war in Algeria while averting a civil war in France. The measure of de Gaulle's achievement is furnished by a recently captured directive to the OAS drafted by its chief, Raoul Salan, on the eve of the negotiations at Evian: "After only nine months we have already succeeded in paralyzing governmental authority in Algeria," Salan boasted. "Our action will either prevent the negotiations with the FLN from succeeding or it will make it impossible to apply the provisions of an accord if one should be signed. Not to mention that the enormity of the betrayal will precipitate the revolt of the best elements in the army."

A month ago the OAS leader's estimate of the situation might have seemed plausible. Today the authority of the French government has been restored throughout the greater part of Algeria; accords of co-operation have been signed with the FLN; the provisional executive stipulated in the Evian agreement has started to function under the chairmanship of a pro-nationalist Algerian; Salan's deputy, Edmond Jouhaud, has been arrested; and the French Army has not broken ranks. The OAS has by no means been crushed, but by its own admission it can operate only as a local guerrilla movement in certain parts of Algeria.

De Gaulle's victory is all the more impressive because he has been fighting a three-front war. The harassing tactics of the Communists have been less spectacular than those of the OAS or of the FLN but not necessarily less dangerous. "De Gaulle is not a fascist," the Soviet writer Ilya Ehrenburg explained a few weeks ago in a dispatch from Paris to *Pravda* that gave a sophisticated twist to a persistent theme of Communist propaganda. "But he cannot destroy the OAS. He is linked by too many things to the men who brought him to power." Endless repetition of the same basic accusation, with diverse variations, had planted doubts about de Gaulle's leadership in the minds of his Algerian adversaries, throughout Africa, among many Frenchmen, and even in some elements of the U.S. administration.

Now de Gaulle has not only refuted this charge but has demonstrated that he can defeat the OAS without the uncalled-for help of counterterrorist vigilantes. By so doing he has averted repetition of the reprisals after the liberation of France that poisoned the political atmosphere for the next ten years. Yet de Gaulle is keenly aware that while the relinquishment of Algeria after 130 years of colonial rule was inevitable, it will prove more traumatic to the national morale than most Frenchmen today realize. Only a renewed call to greatness in other fields can counteract the demoralization incident to the loss of empire —at least for a nation like modern France, whose vitalizing and unifying myths have been to such a large degree imperial ones. Some new affirmation of the collective will is needed.

Since de Gaulle's leadership alone is capable of imposing upon the French people the prolonged effort and continued tight discipline he considers necessary, he is determined not only to remain in power but to seek new powers where necessary to accomplish the task of renovation he has set for France. There was a strong hint of this decision in the general's TV address of March 26, in which he called both for an endorsement of the Algerian peace settlement in the April 8 referendum and for what amounts almost to a blanket vote of confidence in his personal leadership.

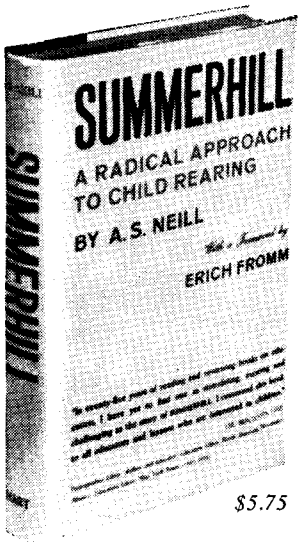
The new course that de Gaulle has set for himself involves political hazards at least as great as those he has surmounted in the past. While virtually the whole French nation has welcomed the cease-fire in Algeria and while there is widespread gratitude toward de Gaulle for achieving it, there is also among his domestic adversaries a growing resentment of his authoritarian leadership, a rising distaste for grandeur —at least as conceived by the general—and an unavowed but unmistakable desire to relax.

The hostility of the Left is more than matched on the nationalist and conservative Right, where the OAS still has numerous—though no longer avowed—sympathizers. The number of abstentions in the referendum of April 8—even the Communists don't dare campaign for a "No" vote—will tell de Gaulle how seriously he has to take the opposition of the right- and left-wing traditionalists and consequently whether it is safe to call for new elections which he hopes will strengthen his precarious majority in the national assembly.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF YOU HAVE A CHILD—

this is the most important book you will ever read!



$5.75

Foreword by **ERICH FROMM**

THE UNIQUE book described on this page may alter your entire life and affect forever the happiness of yourself and your children. When you read SUMMERHILL: *A Radical Approach to Child Rearing*, you may get the shock of your life — for this meaningful book will challenge your most cherished beliefs about how to bring up a child!

Here is the fascinating story of Summerhill, a school in England which has been in operation for forty years—perhaps the most revolutionary school in the world — *a school where children don't even attend classes unless they want to!* Yet this school produces youngsters whose academic achievement is high, and whose emotional stability is unparalleled!

A. S. Neill, Summerhill's headmaster, bluntly declares that most parents make a mess of the job of raising children. What's more, he says, our accepted ways of discipline — our traditional ideas about respect — our taken-for-granted notions about how to teach morals — are positively evil. As a result, we often produce children who are a trial to their parents, a trial to their teachers and even a trial to themselves—and who in later life throng the offices of psychiatrists.

Every parent knows the child who whines, who resentfully breaks things, who nags, who becomes painfully bored, and who has overpowering spells of unhappiness. As a parent, you are often at a loss to know whether you're too easy with your child or too hard. In despair, you wonder what is wrong with the way you handle him. Perhaps you seek counsel; but despite the talk, despite the worry, you seldom find the answer which yields an effective change.

A better way . . .

Is there a better way to rear and educate children? Yes, says Mr. Neill, the way it's done at Summerhill! Here is a school which turns out genuinely contented and productive youngsters. These boys and girls do *not* make the impossible demands on their parents that other children do. Brought up in an atmosphere of love and approval — without adult pressure — Summerhill's *self*-disciplined children grow up to be a joy to their parents and a lasting joy to themselves.

Don't misunderstand. Neill does not advocate that we permit our children to run all over us. He is positively wrathful against parents who permit children to rule the roost, *to wantonly interrupt adult* conversation, to stalk into the living room and turn on the television set regardless of whether that annoys others present. He doesn't believe that we should coddle our children so that they dominate their parents and others around them.

He is, however, a firm believer in freedom for the child — *freedom without license* — and makes no bones about the unconscious tyranny of parents, which most of us are woefully unaware of.

Summerhill's meaning for you . . .

This book may well make you angry, but it will also make you *think*. It will smash many of your established beliefs about child rearing, but it will replace them with positive, constructive ideas. SUMMERHILL will demand of you a searching re-examination of your role as parent, but it will reward you with new insights.

Above all, this penetrating book will help you forge enduring bonds of love between you and your child. Respect will follow — *real* respect — not veneer respect — not the obedience which comes from fear. SUMMERHILL will help you eliminate those harrowing parent-child conflicts, with all the heartaches they cause. And this great book will help you make your home a happy, serene place for raising children who will, one day, be truly free and mature adults.

Not in many years has any book won such enthusiastic acclaim from educators and professionals.

***Here is what some leading educators and authors say about* SUMMERHILL:**

BENJAMIN FINE *(Education Editor, North Amer. Newspaper Alliance; formerly Education Editor, The New York Times; Pulitzer Prize-winning author)*

"In 25 years of reading and reviewing books on education, I have yet to find one as stimulating, exciting and challenging as the story of SUMMERHILL. Every one of its pages is filled with delightful warmth and encouragement."

ASHLEY MONTAGU *(Anthropologist and Social Biologist; author and educator)*

"Anyone who is in any way concerned with the education of children should make this book required reading."

STUART CHASE *(Author of numerous books and articles on economic and social affairs)*

"The book will, I think, stir up an argument in any intelligent family interested in education, and I hope it is widely read."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES *(Pastor Emeritus, Community Church of N.Y.; Chairman of the Board, American Civil Liberties Union)*

"His is a great experiment, and I believe in experiments."

DWIGHT MACDONALD *(Staff Editor for The New Yorker Magazine)*

"One reads it with the irritation, excitement, and finally sympathy, that any original idea always provokes. The trouble is that one can't help thinking that Mr. Neill is right."

HENRY MILLER *(Author of "Tropic of Cancer," "The Cosmological Eye," and numerous other books)*

"I know of no educator in the Western world who can compare with A. S. Neill. It seems to me that he stands alone. SUMMERHILL is a tiny ray of light in a world of darkness. Its aim is to create happy, contented people, not cultural misfits dedicated to war, insanity and canned knowledge."

Partial Table of Contents

I. SUMMERHILL SCHOOL

Summerhill Education vs. Standard Education
What Happens to Summerhill Graduates
Self-Government
Coeducation
Work
Play
Theater
Dancing

II. CHILD REARING

The Unfree Child
The Free Child
Love
Fear
Inferiority and Fantasy
Destructiveness
Lying
Responsibility
Obedience
Punishment
Toilet Training
Food
Sleep
Cleanliness
Toys
Noise
Manners
Money
Humor

III. SEX

Sex Attitudes
Sex Instruction
Masturbation
Nudity
Pornography
Homosexuality

IV. RELIGION AND MORALS

Religion
Moral Instruction
Cursing
Censorship

V. CHILDREN'S PROBLEMS

Cruelty
Criminality
Stealing
Delinquency
Curing the Child
Road to Happiness

VI. PARENTS' PROBLEMS

Love and Hate
Spoiling the Child
Power and Authority
Jealousy
Divorce
Parental Anxiety

A. S. NEILL, *headmaster of Summerhill, speaks on parents, children, and the education of both. Here are a few passages from the text of* SUMMERHILL:

"If your child lies, either he is afraid of you or he is copying you. Lying parents will have lying children. If you want the truth from him, do not lie to him."

"A cynical or a spiteful parental tongue can do untold damage to a child. We all know fathers who sneer at their sons. *Butterfingers, you can't do a thing without bungling it.* Such men likewise show their hatred of their wives by constant criticism. And there are wives who rule husbands and children through brow-beating and streams of abuse."

"Girls who were spanked by their mothers grow into spankers themselves. An excellent illustration is the game in which children play school. Teacher whacks all the time."

"The future of Summerhill itself may be of little import. But the future of the Summerhill idea is of the greatest importance to humanity. New generations must be given the chance to grow in freedom. The bestowal of freedom is the bestowal of love. And only love can save the world."

The publishers of SUMMERHILL *are so sure that this book will enrich your life and help your child that they are willing to send it to you for 10 days' free reading. If you don't agree that this is the most challenging, fascinating and helpful book you have read in years, simply return it and owe nothing.*

SEND NO MONEY.
EXAMINE BOOK FREE FOR 10 DAYS

HART PUBLISHING COMPANY
74 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

Please send me——copies of SUMMERHILL: *A Radical Approach to Child Rearing*

If after 10 days' *free* reading I do not feel the book has been of help, I may return it and owe nothing. Otherwise I will send you only $5.75 plus a few cents postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ SAVE. Check box and enclose $5.75. Publisher then pays postage. Same refund guarantee. R-2

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The President and the Press

WORTH BINGHAM and WARD S. JUST

WASHINGTON

SHORTLY AFTER John F. Kennedy's election, James Reston, the New York *Times* Washington bureau chief, rented a private room for a luncheon at the Metropolitan Club. The guest of honor was the President's press secretary, Pierre Salinger. The luncheon was ostensibly designed to help Salinger become better acquainted with some of the members of the *Times* Washington staff with whom he would be dealing. But its real purpose was to acquaint the youthful press secretary with the *Times's* view of what constitutes proper Presidential press relations.

The President-elect had two traits that worried Reston. He warned Salinger that there would be massive resentment among the Washington press corps if Mr. Kennedy continued to grant exclusive interviews, a staple of campaign days. ("I may have been wrong on that one," Reston remarked recently.)

Reston's second complaint dealt with what he uneasily calls "wandering around." A restless and energetic man, Mr. Kennedy was given to dropping into friends' houses unannounced or jumping into his convertible for an exhilarating turn at the wheel alone. This sort of thing, Reston told Salinger, might be all right for a senator, but it wouldn't do for the President of the United States. Patiently he explained to Salinger that "We can't ever be in the position of saying we weren't there if something should happen to him."

To avoid this, Reston suggested that a representative of the press be assigned to the secret service and accompany the President at all times. Salinger quickly and firmly rejected the idea. In mid-discussion he declared bluntly: "The President will do what he damn well pleases."

HE VERY nearly has. During his first year in office John F. Kennedy has revolutionized relations between press and President. As Reston has put it, "This guy is setting new rules." And far from doing away with the exclusive interview, Mr. Kennedy has made private sessions with reporters almost an extension of his policymaking procedures.

Any of a dozen Washington hands have access to the President's oval office. These insiders do not leap to their typewriters at the end of an interview; instead, they use the information for "background." The old belief that it was unwise for a reporter to move too close to a politician has not withstood the force of the Kennedy personality; the changes that have been wrought go deep to the heart of Washington reporting. They can be seen in Reston himself, without doubt the most influential correspondent in town.

Before Kennedy, Reston used to say that in his twenty years in Washington he had "never talked to a President." His explanation was that a man tends to get "tied up" if he consults with the President and that it was an "unequal proposition."

"It is hard," as Reston has remarked, "to go into that House that means so much to us historically and not be impressed with it and the terrible burdens that the President has to carry. How could you help but be sympathetic? Once you become sympathetic it becomes increasingly difficult to employ the critical faculties."

Since John F. Kennedy's election, Reston has broken his rule twice at his own request, once at Mr. Kennedy's. Reston first asked to see the President after the meeting with Khrushchev at Vienna ("I did not feel that I was getting the full details of the face-to-face confrontation"). The second interview was after Reston's five-week vacation last summer. The New York *Times* man traveled from Marion, Massachusetts, to Hyannis Port "to see just how seriously Kennedy regarded the German situation at that time." Reston felt that the United States was close to war, and he wanted to get back in touch with Washington thinking. He discovered that the President's "emotions are not engaged in the defense of lines on the map or even on rushing to the aid of the East Germans who had fifteen years to get out of their jail." Mr. Kennedy called Reston once: after the disaster at the Bay of Pigs. On this occasion the President, "a much sadder and angrier man than he appears on the surface," seemed to feel that "the primary danger is not of war in Cuba or Laos. . . . It is that Cuba and Laos may wreck the Geneva nuclear-testing conference and smash the whole effort to bring the arms race under control."

A Crowded Inner Sanctum

There have been other indications of the President's guidance:

Item. On January 22 of this year, the Washington *Post* published what would normally be an extraordinary syndicated column by Marquis Childs. The piece was the result of an exclusive interview with the President. Under any other administration, from Washington to Eisenhower, the column would have been prominently featured on page 1. But the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post took no special note; the Childs column was published in its usual slot, column eight on the editorial page, next to Herblock and the Letters to the Editor. Childs observed, among other things, that "What he [the President] has learned about the office in a year of ordeal by crisis is a confidence in his own ability to reach judgments based on his own past knowledge of men and events."

Item. In the August 5, 1961, issue of the *Saturday Review*, Joseph Alsop undertook a discussion of what could be the most important decision in United States history—and how the President is facing it. Pretty well, Alsop concluded, amply fortifying his view with exclusive and revealing Kennedy quotes, e.g., "If you could think only of yourself it would be easy to say you'd press the button, and easy to press it, too." Alsop, rightly, regards the piece as his most important of 1961.

Item. In the second March issues of *Newsweek* and *Time*, illuminating and exclusive quotes from the President were tucked into the body of the magazines' national affairs sections. *Newsweek* quoted the President as saying the decision to resume atomic testing had been "building up and building up like a coral reef." *Time* offered a funny dialogue between Ambassador John K. Galbraith and the President, discussing Mrs. Kennedy's postponed trip to India. "Can't you just tell them," *Time* quoted Mr. Kennedy as shouting over a transoceanic hookup to Galbraith, "that it's a matter of her health? And if this keeps up much longer, it's going to be a matter of my health, too."

Item. In the March 31 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, Stewart Alsop explored at length President Kennedy's "grand strategy." Alsop concluded that the President "does have a goal . . . and a coherent strategy . . . Of that I am convinced after talking at length with the President and his chief advisers." Newspaper ads pictured Alsop and the President in close conversation, and the Alsop lead set the tenor of the piece: " 'I don't think most Americans realize the way the situation has changed,' the President said to me . . ."

Stories come not only from the President but from the closest members of his official family, according to one top Washington hand: "I get a lot of stuff from Bobby, but I'm not kidding myself that this is the best system. As long as you're glorifying them in every respect, it's fine. I think this isn't going to continue indefinitely for me. During the first year, it's nice to have the jump on appointments, new programs. The administration is not under fire. But there will be a problem area. The Kennedys can be very vindictive. I predict that there will be one thousand little fights with correspondents. They can handle this very easily because we don't stick together."

Most observers agree that the "problem area" has yet to be clearly

defined. Peter Lisagor, Washington bureau chief of the Chicago *Daily News*, feels that the "Kennedy administration has gotten the best press in my memory. I think that we have been unduly uncritical." Lyle C. Wilson, Washington bureau manager of United Press International, has said, "I think the press was kind to Ike and I think that the press is being very kind to Kennedy. It was inordinately kind during the campaign."

Reston concurs: "One thing that has added to the Kennedy image is the weakness of the opposition. First you get the vigorous, aggressive, articulate Kennedy. Then you cut to an old, ruined Shakespearean actor and W. C. Fields. Both saying 'No.' If the Democratic National Committee could have cast the Republican play, it couldn't have done better."

The mutual fascination between John F. Kennedy and the Washington press corps started in 1956 when the senator made his abortive bid for the the Vice-Presidency on the Stevenson ticket. When it became clear that Mr. Kennedy was going to drive for the Presidency, reporters increasingly spent more time in his office on Capitol Hill. He had a reputation for candor, wit, and brains. With an experienced correspondent he would not beat around the bush with high-sounding platitudes; he talked facts. When he lacked facts, he talked opinions. "Kennedy just likes newspapermen," according to one veteran Washington reporter. Perhaps more important, Kennedy was available. He and his attractive family made news. And the candidate, endlessly interested in the workings of the press and gregarious by nature, struck up friendships with members of the Washington press corps—in the same way that Ike was close to prosperous businessmen. Mr. Kennedy, himself once a correspondent for the old International News Service, became more than a news source and a candidate for the Presidency of the United States; he became a close friend. In time he knew a score or more reporters intimately: the names of their children, the location of the their Georgetown houses, where they had gone to college. Later there would be long walks with one reporter, sessions in the White House swimming pool with another.

The New Breed

Many men of the old school, like Walter Trohan of the Chicago *Tribune*, are deeply suspicious of the reporter who gets too close to his political sources. But as the old order moves out (Ernest K. Lindley of *Newsweek*, for example), the new men move in. Those reportedly closest to the administration do not represent the largest papers; there is no one so close as Charles Bartlett, Washington correspondent for the Chattanooga *Times*. ("Charlie," according to one of his colleagues, "is a tomb of secrets. He knows much more than he can ever tell.") Among newsmagazine reporters, Ben Bradlee of *Newsweek* and Hugh Sidey of *Time* write with an unmistakable authority. Joseph Alsop, so long a lone wolf, is reporting inside information with new zest. Several TV re-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

porters are also on the inside. But where, in the old days, a Lindley or an Arthur Krock could count on guidance "at the highest level" only on the rarest occasions, the new men count on it almost weekly. And get it.

There is no better source, the new breed insists, than the leading actor in the drama. Thus the President himself is supplying more and more of the inside details, personally explaining and clarifying his policies, both in exclusive interviews and "backgrounders." The background interview is typified by the year-end stories emanating from Palm Beach under the clumsy disclaimers of "close friends of the President said today . . ." More frequent, however, and much more significant are his private talks with newsmen.

No Comment on Cuba

Just after the anti-Castro Cubans were beaten at the Bay of Pigs, the President held a news conference. In an opening statement he said: "I know that many of you have further questions about Cuba. I made a statement on that subject yesterday afternoon. We are continuing consultations with other American republics . . . I do not think that any useful national purpose would be served by my going further into the Cuban question this morning . . ."

A persistent reporter was not content: Did the President reach "this decision [to dispatch the Cubans] against the advice of Secretary Rusk and Mr. Bowles?"

"I think that the facts of the matter involving Cuba will come out in due time," the President replied evenly. "I am sure that an effort will be made to determine the facts accurately. As for me, I am confining myself to my statement for good reason."

The facts of the matter about Cuba—or at least a preliminary version—did come out as predicted. Indeed, they came out the next morning under the dual byline of Murrey Marder and Chalmers Roberts in the Washington *Post* and Marguerite Higgins in the New York *Herald Tribune*. (It was probably not coincidence that the two papers reflect generally conflicting political viewpoints). The unmistakable impression was that Roberts and Marder and Miss Higgins had been granted interviews "at the highest level." That was, of course, the case. The President had called the three into his office for private talks. As previously noted, James Reston was also summoned. And other correspondents chatted privately and at length with lesser White House officials.

One-would-be Presidential insider was deeply chagrined during those weeks. He had talked with the President only hours before the Cubans landed. The correspondent and the President had dwelt at length on South America, Cuba in particular. Later the reporter said he could not understand why the President had not told him of the impending landing. Genuinely hurt, he thought the President was cutting him off. Why else would he withhold the secret? The President, of course, told no reporters of the Cuban planning.

There was little hard feeling among competing newsmen about the Kennedy disclosures. Typically, the insiders fell to analyzing Cuba in terms of the Presidential personality—what it did to the Kennedy self-confidence. This is a classic illustration of inside reporting, amounting in essence to character analysis. To many of the insiders, the fact of the Cuban invasion and its widespread foreign-policy implications were only slightly more important than its effect on the man in the White House. This view is not necessarily incorrect or improper, but somehow few writers viewed the U-2 incident in terms of Dwight Eisenhower's psyche.

The crisis in confidence, incidentally, soon passed and the President was able to get away with saying at a news conference that the most disappointing event of his first year in office was the inability to secure an atomic test-ban agreement with the Soviet Union.

The Horse's Mouth

The Presidential press conference, once the staple of Washington correspondence, has evolved into a ritual of dubious value. "Unless I have a specific question to ask, I rarely go any more," Clark Mollenhoff, Washington correspondent for the Des Moines *Register*, has said. "Too many of the questions are lobs, setups, and blooper balls, and there is too little effort to obtain any more than the most generalized information. I don't blame the President for knocking them out of the lot. It seems to me that too many reporters have such personal rapport with President Kennedy that it inhibits them. I do not believe that a personal relationship should make the reporter any less aggressive."

The press conference "defeats itself," according to Lyle C. Wilson of UPI: "I don't want to say it's not worthwhile. But the President is in absolute control. He can select the people who ask the questions. In Coolidge's day, there were five, six reporters at the press conference. Today there are 350. F.D.R. occasionally went off the record. There is no opportunity for that now."

Under Truman, the press conferences were moved from the Presidential Office to the Indian Treaty Room in the old State Department Building. Under Kennedy, they are conducted in the cavernous, modern State Department auditorium across town. The large, sloping chamber, marvelous in its acoustics, lacks any semblance of privacy. Lisagor of the Chicago *Daily News* has compared questioning the President there to "making love in Carnegie Hall." And even that, he added sourly, "ascribes to it an intimacy that it doesn't have."

Lisagor is admittedly nostalgic for the days of the old Indian Treaty Room, where reporters were much closer to the President and could catch every nuance in his facial expression—though few, if any, would claim that Ike's news conferences yielded more hard news than J.F.K.'s. "It would be nice to know when the Irish temper behind that cool Harvard façade has been excited," Lisagor told a panel at a convention of the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

The decline of the press conference is doubtless one reason for the President's propensity to confer privately with reporters. Lisagor has called this "a baneful thing—a reporter ought to keep public officials at an arm's length." Reston is also skeptical, but defends his visits by saying he was seeking specific information: "There is a great

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

difference in asking for specific information and a social occasion, when a President wants to hear a reporter talk or wants to ask him for advice." Reston feels that Mr. Kennedy is so clearly the man in charge of the administration that "There are times when the information you want is limited to the President."

This observation is echoed by others. The White House is more than ever the fulcrum of the United States government; often, as Reston says, it is the only source of certain information. This occasionally leads to complications. Two reporters visited the President privately some months ago to talk of foreign policy. The conversation lasted an hour, and when the men emerged they agreed to write separate memos on the talk and exchange them. When the memos were exchanged an hour later, one reporter thought the President had been tough and firm; the other thought he had been fairly soft, ready to compromise.

As REPORTERS become critical of Presidents, so do Presidents become critical of reporters. Mr. Kennedy's voracious reading habits—a dozen newspapers, literally scores of books and magazines—are legendary. ("I made two mistakes during my first year," he has commented privately: "One was Cuba and the other was letting it be known that I read as much as I do.") Not so well known is his sensitivity to press criticism. Childs has said that he "is too concerned with press comment." Any number of Washington bureau chiefs have picked up their telephones to hear the Boston twang on the other end of the line, ready for a fight. Occasionally, he is complimentary ("That was a good piece"). One top correspondent has said that the President "is reacting—always reacting."

It is common knowledge in Washington that the June 30, 1961, issue of *Time* magazine provoked a truly monumental display of Presidential anger. The lead story in the magazine's "The Nation" section was critical of the appointment of General Maxwell Taylor to the President's staff. Although not unfriendly to Taylor personally, the story questioned the number of staffers assigned to foreign-policy matters: ". . . one more voice added to the clamoring chorus . . . who fight for John Kennedy's ear." Shortly after the article appeared, *Time's* White House man found himself suddenly friendless. Telephone calls would be placed and not returned; trusted sources would be "out" or "busy." Backward ran sources until reeled the mind. Two weeks later *Time* was out of the Presidential doghouse, but it had been an anxious period. A colleague commented, "You've got to keep aggressive. Don't let them get you down, or they'll keep you down."

"THE MOST IMPORTANT single aspect of the New Look in public information," according to Reston, "is Kennedy's taking the press seriously, endlessly reading newspapers and magazines. The establishment gets to know he sees newsmen. And then everybody gets the idea that it is all right, and more doors open at the top."

Reston himself was sitting in a top official's office one day when the phone rang. The official picked it up to find the President on the other end. Mr. Kennedy proceeded, over the phone, to discuss a New York *Times* story dealing with expenditures of one of Chester Bowles's foreign journeys. Item by item, the President demanded explanations; the official, his brow wet with perspiration, dealt with them as best he could.

One younger reporter has concluded that as mouths loosen at the top levels, the middle- and lower-level official is muzzled: "Whether it's from intimidation, fear, or what—I don't know. I do know that my Chinamen don't talk very freely any more." A reporter's "Chinaman" is his source, usually low-level, who knows what's going on in a limited area. The high policymakers, for all their authority and frequent expertise, are seldom in touch with the genesis of an idea. "The Chinaman," according to this reporter's theory, "can do much more than give you facts; he gives you alternatives." That is to say, what the alternatives were before the decision was made. It is a critical point. Not all agree that the government has tightened up. Lisagor would argue that by and large the men Mr. Kennedy has hired "believe that the public business is the public's business." As for the Chinamen, "I don't think you can categorize Washington that easily."

Lunch at the White House

One important Chinaman for all White House reporters is the President's press secretary. Controversy rages about the plump figure of Pierre Salinger, but throughout it all he manages to remain contained, almost Buddha-like. "I saw two men killed in that job, Charles Ross and Joe Short," Childs has commented. "It is inhuman. One hundred and fifty telephone calls a day that have to be personally attended to, the briefings, and that pack of wolves outside waiting to pounce on you. . . . Salinger is a very tough guy. He may survive."

Others complain that Salinger is a poor detail man—"a helluva comedown from Hagerty," who looked on himself as the newsman's friend at court. But the press secretary, always the extrovert, has learned to shrug off most criticism. "Kennedy doesn't need a press secretary," he often says; "he is his own best public-relations man." Salinger's obvious dedication to the job has won him the grudging admiration of many members of the press corps. "I think he's brilliant—in a messy kind of way," is the opinion of Carleton

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kent, Washington bureau chief of the Chicago *Sun-Times*.

Salinger's position has been somewhat undermined by the activities of the insiders, who frequently don't bother to go through his office when they set up an appointment with the President. Mr. Kennedy and his close advisers seem to parcel out the precious nuggets of information, leaving the press secretary with what one reporter has called "a sort of caretaker job" involving appointments, travel plans, and official pronouncements.

AT TIMES Salinger seems more interested in protecting Presidential privacy than in informing the press. A case in point is the publishers' luncheons.

Last September, a number of Kentucky publishers let it be known that they had been invited to lunch at the White House. At first Salinger would say nothing. When it was established beyond a doubt that the invitations had been sent out, he acknowledged the fact. But the press secretary was reluctant to say who had been invited or when the luncheon would take place. It had been envisaged as a private affair. Why have a lot of messy publicity?

At last Salinger unbent. Yes, he told reporters, there was to be a luncheon; yes, the press would be provided with guest lists. The luncheon would be the first in a series of state-by-state gatherings. The purpose was to get "an exchange of views . . . an attempt by the President to get the feelings from various parts of the country." Salinger's hesitancy became more understandable when it developed that the Kentucky luncheon was actually the third of its kind. Before the inauguration, the President-elect had dined with a group of North Carolina publishers in Florida. In May, he had met with a similar group of fifteen from Florida.

When the Kentuckians arrived at the White House, Salinger firmly warned them that everything the President said was to be off the record. Unfortunately, the luncheon was preceded by cocktails and a different table wine was served with every course. Conversation was lively.

At 2:30, the publishers, minus Salinger and the President, debouched into the reporter's lair in the West Wing. Most of the guests had never been in the White House before; for several, it was their first trip to the nation's capital. None had had the experience of being interviewed by Merriman Smith, although they were all certainly familiar with his byline as well as the bylines of several other White House inquisitors. The publishers became expansive, and soon everything the President and everyone else had said at the luncheon was out—as well as the details of the table setting, flower arrangements, and quantity and quality of the food, wine, and liquor served.

This clearly would not do. Salinger said he was "not happy" with the publishers' interpretation of the ground rules, and grumbled that perhaps it was too much to expect a publisher to know what "off the record" means. "But we're going to try again," he said gamely.

The next luncheon was three weeks later and, from the press secretary's point of view, was an unqualified success. That is to say, reporters learned little of what went on. The publishers, from New Jersey this time, were limited to one kind of wine at lunch, then released through the front door of the White House, an area that is normally out of bounds for reporters. When the newsmen did catch up with them, the publishers said they had been admonished not to disclose what the President said—except that he had made a "strong plea" for fallout shelters.

After that, the publishers' luncheons became increasingly unproductive of news. One of the more recent get-togethers rated only a few lines in most papers, to the effect that "The President met today with a group of Minnesota publishers, and a spokesman said that there had been a valuable exchange of views."

This was the incredible fact: the nation's leading arbiters of public opinion were trooping dutifully in and out of the White House every month, their lips apparently permanently sealed on legions of state secrets (for why else were they instructed to reveal nothing of what went on at the luncheon?), and their activities were attracting less notice than the latest adventures of Caroline's pet dog, Charley. At present the score seems to stand at nine down and forty-one states to go.

[Laughter]

There was a brief flurry of interest in January, when a guest list for the day's luncheon revealed that the names and been culled on a nationwide basis. The roster included Otis Chandler, Jr., publisher of the Los Angeles *Times;* Marshall Field, Jr., of the Chicago *Sun-Times;* Barney Kilgore of the *Wall Street Journal;* John S. Knight of the Knight newspapers; W. Don Maxwell of the Chicago *Tribune;* and Eugene Pulliam of the Indianapolis *Star.*

A curious list, and it did not take a magician to see what these publishers had in common. They had all opposed Kennedy's election, some of them with every means at their disposal. Why had the President decided to abandon his state-by-state formula to call a sort of summit meeting of his adversaries?

It was a legitimate question, and Salinger was asked about it at his regular morning news briefing. The Q. and A. went like this:

Q. Do you imagine that this distinguished group of publishers will be here about as long as the others have, a couple of hours?

A. Yes, drinking milk.

Q. Will they be available . . .

A. They can go through a lot of milk in two hours.

Q. Are you shifting away from the state-by-state?

A. Not at all. There's going to be a state luncheon again next week.

Q. What's the group here today then?

A. I would say it's . . . There was no definite plan in mind when we selected them.

Q. Did you throw a magnet up in the air? [*Laughter.*]

A. Wanted to get . . . it was an attempt to get various publishers of large newspapers . . .

Q. Would you describe this as perhaps a cross section of American thinking?

A. I wouldn't want to . . . I wouldn't want to describe it at all.

That ended the questioning.

At about two o'clock, reporters began gathering in front of the West Wing. Assistant Press Secretary Andrew Hatcher had forbidden re-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

porters to hang around the front door of the White House, where the publishers apparently were scheduled to make their getaway.

After a long wait, the front door eased open. The publishers, spotting their adversaries across the White House lawn, made a break for the front gate. But a few portly laggards were intercepted before they could reach Pennsylvania Avenue.

"I don't supose you want to tell us what went on in there?" a veteran correspondent asked. Though the guests did not put it in precisely those words, it was clear that the correspondent was correct. After exchanging pleasantries on freedom of information, a subject that is often reverently invoked at annual meetings of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, the little group broke up.

Afterwards, Salinger was questioned about the lunch at his afternoon briefing.

Q. Can you tell us about the meeting of the publishers at the luncheon?

A. Nothing more, but it was profitable.

Q. What did they talk about?

A. They covered a variety of subjects.

Q. That's what they said.

Q. Mostly international?

Q. How long was the luncheon?

A. Couple of hours.

Q. Did the President do much talking?

A. I would say considerable.

Q. Did they ask him questions and then they expressed their views?

Q. On a variety of subjects?

A. On a variety of subjects. [*Laughter.*]

Q. Of mutual interest?

A. Of mutual interest.

The press secretary ended his briefing with a wisecrack that was not recorded in the transcript, and the summit meeting passed into history. With one exception, the reporters left Salinger's office laughing.

Eddie Folliard of the Washington *Post*, who has covered the White House since the days of Calvin Coolidge, jammed his hat down on his head and stomped out the door.

"I don't get it. I just don't get it," he mumbled. "What's so damn funny?"

No one paid any attention to him.

AT HOME & ABROAD

Frondizi, the Army, And the Peronistas

MEDARDO RODRIGUEZ

"I HAVE GONE THROUGH many storms in my life," Argentina's President Arturo Frondizi observed three years ago when a general strike was paralyzing the country, "and I hope to go through this one too." (He did.) Storms have been the almost daily climate in Buenos Aires since Dr. Frondizi, with the help of some two million followers of the deposed dictator Juan Perón, took office in 1958. Frondizi, buffeted from Left, Right, and Center, negotiated a tortuous course. His record for survival had become such that the United States government and private interests invested over $1.5 billion in Argentina and considered it the country where our policies toward Latin America could have their most auspicious test. The confidence of surviving one more storm sustained the president last month when he faced the most critical national election of his six-year term, the first in which the once-outlawed Peronistas could present candidates. But when the results were counted on March 18 it turned out to be a hurricane.

After the dictator was overthrown in September, 1955, a provisional military government undertook for two years to destroy the cult of Peronismo by exposing the gross maladministration and shocking misconduct of Perón. Thus the established parties and the voters could get ready for the first free elections in twenty-eight years. But as the election drew near it became evident that the Peronistas remained devoted to their exiled leader and that Perón's endorsement would decide the election. In the months before the election of 1958, airlines between Buenos Aires and Ciudad Trujillo, where Perón had found a haven, were crowded with labor leaders, politicians, and self-appointed meddlers of all political coloration.

ONE OF the most sophisticated visitors was Rogelio Frigerio, a businessman then politically unknown but an old friend of Frondizi's. What exactly was contracted between the two is still a topic of lively speculation in Buenos Aires. But there's no question of the fact that a few days before the elections the Peronistas got the word from

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ciudad Trujillo: vote for Frondizi. Some two million obeyed, cast the decisive votes, and Frondizi's slate won in a landslide. The ousted dictator had in effect picked the president. Throughout his pleasure-filled peregrinations in exile from Asunción, Caracas, and Ciudad Trujillo to Madrid, he has continued to exercise an influence in Argentina that foreigners who recall his depredations find hard to understand and that Frondizi has found insurmountable.

Frondizi's popularity of 1958 did not last long. The votes had barely been counted when compliance with the mysterious deal with Perón was demanded—return of the General Confederation of Labor (CGT) to control of Peronista union leaders, legalization of the Peronista movement, freeing its leaders from arrest and police vigilance, and, after a period of time, the safe return to the country of Perón himself. All these measures Frondizi could not carry through—and probably never wanted to in the first place. Within a few weeks of his election, the president, though in control of both houses of parliament, found himself alone and trapped between the two main power blocs of Argentina —the military and the unionized masses.

Thus began four years of a balancing act that revealed Frondizi as an overnimble politician but did nothing to solve the political problems of Argentina. Crisis followed crisis. First the president yielded to the military, at the same time showing the workers that things would be worse without his moderating influence. Then he scared the army, which did not cherish the prospect of violent conflict with the masses, by never-ending real or threatened labor troubles that sometimes, it was said, were promoted by people close to the Presidential Palace.

'Hard Times Ahead'

In the beginning a military plot was uncovered almost every month, and only the president's ability to compromise prevented take-over by a military junta. To deal with these threats, defense portfolios and military commands were continually reshuffled, gradually weakening the political power of the armed forces but stiffening opposition to Frondizi and deepening the generals' and admirals' mistrust. There was a general strike and prolonged walkouts in the transport, meat-packing, and oil industries. Sometimes the military intervened. Sometimes the conflict ended in wage raises that aggravated an inflation that soared from an index of 100 in 1944 to 1,475 in December, 1958, and continued to boost the cost of living by some 150 per cent since Frondizi took office. By gradually freeing Peronista leaders, turning the CGT over to them, and finally legalizing their Justicialista Party, he perfected the game of playing the two forces against each other. He did stave off a showdown but maintained himself in office only by compromising his programs, sacrificing scores of his ablest ministers, and dissipating his own popularity.

But Frondizi's popularity was rising abroad because of his determined efforts at economic reform, following the recommendations of the International Monetary Fund and development experts. Amid cries of "Sellout!" he invited American oil companies to help develop the state-owned oil industry. In three years Argentina became self-sufficient in oil, saving $300 million annually in foreign exchange, an amount equal to the annual deficit in international payments. Frondizi settled long-standing claims of foreign utility companies whose properties had been expropriated by Perón, thereby restoring the confidence of foreign investors. He freed the peso, abolished many exchange controls, and began a campaign to attract capital from abroad to bring about at long last the industrialization of the country. The traditional dependence on the sterling bloc came to an end, and for the acquisition of foreign currency the country no longer had to rely so heavily on the meat, wool, wheat, and hides that used to make up ninety per cent of national exports. Soon Henry Kaiser was mass-producing cars in Córdoba and Henry Ford announced plans for a tractor factory. French, German, British, and Italian industries also came in.

Frondizi hoped that the effects of investments, plus liberal infusions of credit from abroad, would reach the laboring and white-collar population in time to offset the painful results of the austerity program at home. He succeeded in slowing down inflation—that power which in minor doses may be a stimulant to economic growth but to which the Argentine masses had become addicted. Then came the shock of meatless days —to the Argentines something like what beerless days would be to the Germans. The 1,800,000 employees of government offices and state enterprises, such as the decrepit and hugely overstaffed railroads, were alarmed to learn that Frondizi intended to control wages and to abolish one out of five of their jobs. "There are hard times ahead," the president told his countrymen in 1959, "but the greater the contribution each one makes, the shorter and less painful will be the period of stabilization."

Foreign observers applauded; the *descamisados*—Perón's "shirtless ones"—growled. Even though they had been told how Perón had squandered the nation's foreign exchange from a fat balance immediately after the Second World War, when Argentina's agriculture enjoyed a seller's market, to rock bottom in 1955, just enough to meet payments for two months. The *descamisados* remained loyal to Perón even after his large personal investments abroad, his peccadilloes with teen-age girls, and his luxurious style of living had been widely publicized. The suppression of democratic rights and the cruelties of his police state had been itemized in the freed columns of *La Nación* and other papers. Yet the *descamisados* still idolized their exiled leader, the memory of his golden-haired wife Evita, and the good old days when bread was cheap and nothing was too good for Perón's faithful. These were the most spoiled workers on earth in terms of diet and wildly demagogic social legislation. They did not like to be told they had better tighten their belts. Neither were they receptive to lectures on how and why the cost of meat and bread had been kept low by Perón with government subsidies that ultimately had to be paid for—and by themselves.

No social or political balance could be attained in Argentina so long as the *descamisados* remained

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loyal to Perón and, because Peronismo was outlawed, remained outside the new democracy. None of the parties tried harder than Frondizi's Intransigent Radicals to attract the Peronistas. The results were entirely negative. In the first national elections, for half of the senate and chamber of deputies in 1960, Peronistas cast nearly a million blank ballots. Frondizi's party, without their support, ran second to the Popular Radicals yet despite heavy losses retained a parliamentary majority.

Frondizi's Flying Trapeze

Frondizi's technique of wooing Peronistas had been that of winning over some individual labor leaders. "They aren't fooling us," I was told by Andrés Framini, the Peronista whose election as governor of Buenos Aires Province was voided along with other Peronista victories last month. "They take in a few leaders and hope to get the union members to follow. But once a leader deserts he goes alone. He will never again be elected by his union."

Earlier, I had seen Perón in Ciudad Trujillo and asked him why his followers were turned against Frondizi. "*Pero Ché,*" the affable general explained, "*si eso hombre no cumple*" —that fellow doesn't keep his promises.

The recent elections gave whatever proof may have been needed that the Peronistas are as united in their rejection of Frondizi and their loyalty to Perón as they were at the end of 1958. "What do I care if the oil is now our own?" a cab driver told me. "It used to cost two pesos a litre; today I have to pay six pesos for it."

"Far too expensive," answered a bartender when I pointed out that some 100,000 cars and 60,000 trucks were assembled in the country last year. "They're making those cars for the rich. The only people who can afford them are those who granted contracts to the foreign countries." A labor leader was more cynical: "I know there was corruption during Perón's régime, but where would I be without Peronismo?"

Meanwhile, Frondizi's daring trapeze act of swinging back and forth had made political intrigues the national pastime. In Argentina today, a politician on the make must provide himself with offices, secretaries, mimeograph machines, and press agents. Party affiliation is of secondary importance, if for no other reason than that traditional parties have been decaying for years, while Justicialismo, even after it was legalized, can better be called a movement. Only the small Conservative Party has managed to preserve its organization and platform. Frondizi's party, the Intransigent Radicals, has had no chance to grow because of the unpopularity of its leader. The Popular Radicals are divided into many factions. Deep personal rancors dating at least from the party split in 1957, when the Intransigent Party was founded by Frondizi, an erstwhile protégé of the Radical leader Ricardo Balbín. There is little if any hope that the quarreling factions of the two major Radical parties, which together outvote the Peronistas, will be able to form a coalition and bring back to life the Radical Party of the old days. The Socialists have their small prestige invested in the eighty-five-year-old Senator Alfredo Palacios—and even he could not have been elected to the senate in 1960 without Peronista and pro-Castro support. The outlawed Communists are small in number but active on behalf of the fascistic Peronistas.

Thus the two strongest forces in the country, the Peronistas and the military, kept grinding away the President's strength which he himself had been diminishing in his constant attempts to placate both. Neither the Peronistas nor the army is prepared to develop this potentially rich country that is the eighth largest on earth, the only Latin-American nation with a true middle class, with the highest living standard and the lowest illiteracy rate, and with a skilled population ninety-seven per cent European by birth or extraction.

In the final analysis, the Peronistas stand for the return of Perón and his dangerous diet of subsidized lotus. The military stands against the Peronistas. They took over receivership of the government in 1955 when the country was on the verge of bankruptcy and Perón had antagonized the Church by his program of legalizing gambling and prostitution. As soon as the military leaders thought it safely could be done, they left the people free to choose their own rulers. The elections were held in 1958, and the people, with the Peronistas in front, brought Frondizi to power. Now the country is once more under military receivership.

The Sixth Sense Of Carl Vinson

ROWLAND EVANS, JR.

In the American system of government, there are only two really important lifetime jobholders: the Federal judge and the Southern congressman. One must understand this central fact about Southern congressmen to grasp the nature and uses of the power of Carl Vinson, the representative in Congress of the Sixth District of Georgia. Representative Vinson was well ensconced in the House of Representatives long before the birth of John F. Kennedy, the President whom he challenged in the controversy over converting the B-70 bomber into a reconnaissance-strike bomber, the RS-70. "We had to raise a good ruckus," Vinson told the House in explaining the sudden withdrawal of his celebrated "order" that the Executive spend on the RS-70 exactly what Congress decreed, or $320 million more than the administration had requested.

No one in Congress has more ruckus-making potential than Vinson. And yet no one in Congress is actually more in harmony with the subtle power balance between the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Executive and the Legislature, or less likely to disarrange it, than the old man from Georgia. His lament about the decline of the legislative power was a shrewd appeal to his fellow congressmen for support in the battle of the RS-70 and did not reflect any deep conviction that Congress has become impotent during his half century of service in the House.

"He usually runs with the man in the White House," a Southern patriarch of the Senate says of Vinson.

In 1949, when President Truman appointed Francis Matthews Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Matthews went to Capitol Hill to call on Vinson in the old House Office Building. An admiral escorted him to the desk of the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee and made the introduction. Vinson stood up.

"Mr. Secretary, I'd gladly have come down to see you," he said. "I'm surely flattered and honored that you come all the way up here to my office. Now, Mr. Secretary, just what do you plan to do as Secretary of the Navy?"

With the ink still wet on his new commission, Mr. Matthews said he didn't know, except that he would certainly try to cut personnel and overhead, both in the military and the civilian parts of the Navy.

Vinson's eyes widened owlishly. "Now, Mr. Secretary, I've known personally every Secretary of the Navy since Josephus Daniels and every last one of them has come in here like you and told me he was going to cut the personnel. Now I surely do wish you luck in this important endeavor, but I want to tell you that every last one of 'em increased the personnel."

Vinson's gentle ploy hit home. Secretaries of Defense, the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, chairmen of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the military heads of the services come and go, and Vinson is always there to pipe them aboard and bid them farewell.

VINSON is seventy-eight years old now, tall and unstooped in comfortable tweeds and loud neckties with fat, sloppy knots. The nose is prominent and slightly beaked, the eyes bright and sometimes fierce behind tortoise-shell glasses that ride well down on the nose. Wisps of gray-white hair stand helter-skelter on the balding head and thicken into a soft gray down over the large ears. The impression is a cross between an angry bird of prey and a wise old philosopher, and the image fits the mood of the moment. The strong twangy voice of command belies the age and the movements suggest an athlete one-third his age.

His mind is restless and fertile, and his tactical instinct, which long ago gave him the title of "Swamp Fox," is as keen as ever. This instinct, in fact, is behind the "good ruckus" he made over the RS-70. Vinson's sixth sense tells him that under the strong hand of Robert S. McNamara, whom he calls the greatest Secretary of Defense, too much power and decision are being transferred to the Defense Department from the individual services.

When it comes to the strategy, tactics, and weapons of military security, Vinson's view is broad and flexible. But on matters of control, centralization, and consolidation, he has the traditionalist's fear of the Man on a White Horse. As he said in a speech last month: "I know of no surer threat to the security of our nation than to adopt the ill-considered proposal that . . . the three military departments be fused into one conglomerate department, or that all military thinking be directed toward one strategic concept."

Of Eggs and Baskets

Under McNamara, two important mergers have already taken place—the strategic intelligence units of the three services and of the Marine Corps have been combined into the Defense Intelligence Agency, and the separate supply units have been merged into the Defense Supply Agency. McNamara has also centralized the information outlets of the three services, but not to the same extent.

This trend toward centralization, which started in 1946 when the National Military Establishment was first set up, agitates Vinson and concerns a good many others in the Legislative branch. The RS-70 seemed to be a tailor-made issue to make this concern felt, particularly since President Kennedy and former President Eisenhower had both refused to spend the money on it that Congress had regularly been appropriating.

In fact, the RS-70 affair epitomizes Vinson's concern about McNamara. It is a vivid illustration of what he means when he warns against channeling "all military thinking" toward "one strategic concept." The "one concept," as Vinson sees it, is the intercontinental ballistic missile and the gradual abandonment of the manned bomber.

By making the RS-70 his own special grievance and "directing" the Secretary of the Air Force (not, mind you, the President) to spend a precise number of dollars on it, Vinson warned McNamara to slow down. At the same time, he became the champion of the House, a body that likes nothing better than to try to order the Executive branch around. In the showdown, however, he went to the White House to talk things over with the President and then, with letters from the President and McNamara promising to review the RS-70 spending program, he struck out the offending word.

VINSON'S CONTRIBUTION to the nation's defense structure would be difficult to overestimate. He has been in the center of, and sometimes the determining factor in, every major defense issue since he joined the old Naval Affairs Committee in 1917. He was a member of the Coolidge-appointed Morrow Board in 1925 to study the national defense role of the airplane. He wrote the famous Vinson-Trammell Act in 1934, which laid the basis for a two-ocean Navy and gave the nation what little naval power it had when Hitler and the Japanese started the world toward the Second World War..

In 1938, 1939, and 1940, sometimes over President Roosevelt's objection, he pushed bills through the House to strengthen the Navy. Then, during the bitter interservice battles after the Second World War, he infuriated and astonished the admirals when he sided with the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then Secretary of the Air Force, Stuart Symington, on building a huge strategic air force. On the floor of the House, Vinson defended Louis Johnson's cancellation of the supercarrier, but he was overruled in 1950 when the House voted against the cancellation.

When the Army generals staged their own revolt in the 1950's against the "massive retaliation" doctrine of the Eisenhower administration, Vinson supported them, stressing the importance of a force to deal with less than total war.

The Vinson policy on weapons and strategy was stated succinctly in his 1950 report following the long, acrimonious B-36 hearings and the revolt of the admirals:

"[The committee] proposes . . . to rely upon these specialists in strategic bombing, for which mission the Air Force holds primary responsibility, to provide the nation with the type of weapons this method of warfare requires within the approved strategic plan. The Committee holds the same concept in regard to weapons development in the sister services."

In other words, if the Air Force says it needs B-36s (or, in the newest controversy, RS-70s) to fulfill the mission assigned to it by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, so be it, and if the Navy says it needs a supercarrier, so be it.

If this sounds a little too rich for the taxpayer's blood, so be that, too. Vinson would far rather overspend on military security than risk spending too little. The twin themes that are stitched into every important statement on military policy he has ever made, starting with his first defense speech in the House forty-five years ago, are these: peace depends above all on a strong defense; and strong defense has nothing to do with partisan politics.

Advice on Pork

Only on rare occasions since 1931, when he first became chairman of the old Naval Affairs Committee, has Vinson lost a committee bill on the House floor. One was the committee's pre-Pearl Harbor plan to defend Guam against possible attack; one was his universal military training bill; one was a military pay raise bill, later enacted; and one was a strike-curbing bill for Navy installations. Vinson gave a wry smile when, in a recent interview, he recalled the defeat of the strike proposal. "It didn't go down well with some of those big-city politicians up North," he said.

As chairman, Vinson knows how to bring reluctant members of his thirty-seven-man committee into line. The first thing he did when he took over the committee in 1949, after the Republican Eightieth Congress, was to abolish all the regular subcommittees, divide the committee into three equal parts, and reserve to himself the power to

assign bills to one of the three. This, of course, made him undisputed boss over such prestigious matters as who would introduce an important bill and get his name on it—and in the history books. He is also undisputed master of the committee's inspection and travel business. He decides which member goes where to inspect what.

Inspection trips are avidly sought by members of the committee. They offer an escape from routine, they broaden, they are exciting, and often they are in the national interest. Distributing these prizes among his committee gives Vinson a powerful patronage lever which he uses judiciously to encourage support for his own views on the really big issues handled by his committee.

Also, Vinson can influence the location of the billions of dollars' worth of military bases, installations, training camps, Navy depots, research centers, and the like that dot the map of the United States. A few days before his committee took up the military construction bill last month, several members were expressing a wholesome political wish for election-year help in the form of Federal spending in their districts. Vinson listened benignly and remarked in the manner of a schoolteacher to his students: "Now we all know this is election year and we all know we are going to plug for our own districts, but let's not get excited about it."

There is no need whatever for Vinson to use his position as chairman in favor of his own district. When the Pentagon decides that a new airbase or supply depot is needed, it naturally looks all over Georgia first to see if the right spot might happen to be there. Vinson has an ample supply. Last year, when Secretary McNamara decided to close down seventy-three military installations around the country, he invited Vinson and Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia, the chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, to breakfast to tell them about it. Georgian Vinson sat on one side of the Secretary, Georgian Russell on the other. McNamara explained his plans and drew out the list of bases to read them off. Vinson stopped him. "Mr. Secretary," he said, "if you've made up your mind to do this you can't back down. If you make just one exception, you'll be hounded by protests from everyone else. Once you start to plow a row, plow it straight and hard to the end of the line."

Russell, who saw a chance to needle Vinson, leaned across the Secretary and said: "And what if Robins Air Force Base is on the list, Carl?" Vinson said: "I'll raise unshirted hell, but the Secretary had better stick to his guns."

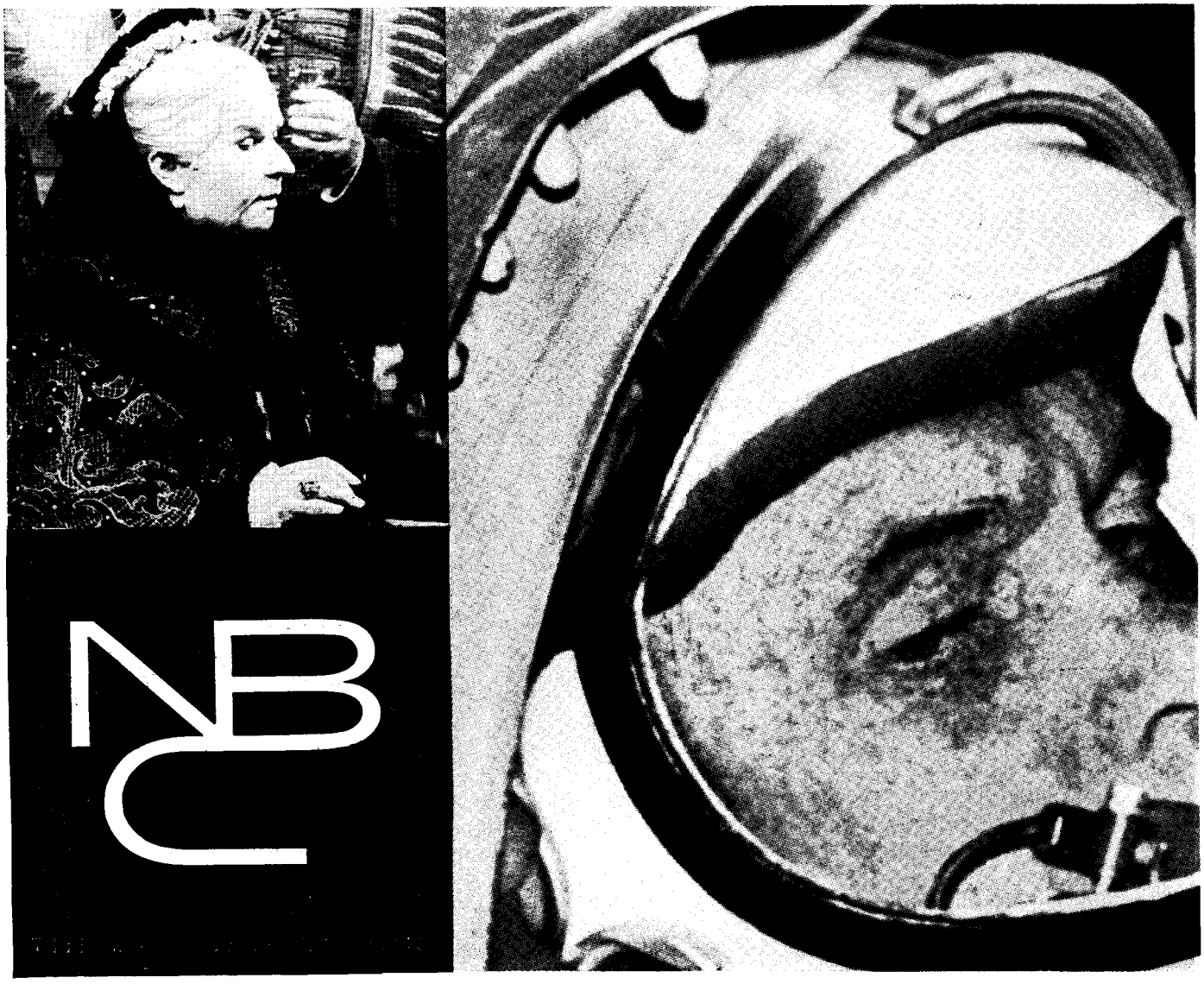
Robins, a huge installation near Vinson's home town, did not happen to be on the list.

'A Practical Young Man'

But Vinson's standing in the House does not rest on his prerogative to assign bills or make up travel schedules or influence the location of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGEANT OF THE PAST / THE PROMISE OF THE FUTURE / A GIRL AND HER HORSE AND TW



THIS IS NBC

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

:OPS WITHOUT ROBBERS /AN OPERA AND A "HORSE OPERA"

ARGEST SINGLE SOURCE OF NEWS, INFORMATION AND ENTERTAINMENT IN THE FREE WORLD

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

military bases. His great authority, it is fair to say, is the sum total of his character and of his understanding, after forty-eight years' observation, of the legislative process. Because he is assiduously courted by the Pentagon, he is always in a position to know more than any of his colleagues what is going on there. Accordingly, in the great battles over unification and roles and missions, over which his House Armed Services Committee has jurisdiction, he has the inside track on maneuvers and countermaneuvers in the Pentagon.

When he takes an issue before the committee, he already knows where the center of gravity is and precisely how far he can move it to fit his own convictions. By chipping away at the edges of opposition and making full use of his considerable talents of persuasion and command, he consolidates the entire committee around the majority position and brings out a unanimous report. To achieve this sometimes requires a show of naked power, sometimes a display of histrionics, sometimes a flash of withering scorn, sometimes nothing more than an appeal to the old team spirit. He's the coach before the big game: "Now, we don't want to go before the House with a divided report, do we?"

In 1947, when the Republicans controlled Congress and Vinson was the senior minority member of the committee, an admiral was testifying on a bill providing for the disposal of some old Navy surplus ships. The committee showed little interest in the bill and things seemed to be proceeding smoothly until Vinson suddenly attacked.

He read the key section of the bill out loud and asked the admiral if it wouldn't permit the Navy to dispose of the entire fleet. The admiral said he was sure the Navy had no such intention, but Vinson pressed him. Could he show the committee one word in the bill that would prevent the Navy from doing just that? The admiral hemmed and hawed, and finally agreed that theoretically Vinson was right. Vinson then drew an acknowledgment that the admiral had not studied the bill before his testimony—that, in fact, he had read the bill for the first time on his way from the Pentagon to the committee hearing room. Vinson turned to the committee and moved to table the bill. Without a murmur the bill was tabled, or killed. Then Vinson turned to the admiral: "Now admiral, don't you ever come back up here again unprepared."

THE CAPACITY to deflate is one of the chairman's not so secret weapons, and he uses it frequently both on star-studded officers and committee members, to the amusement of everyone else.

When John Kennedy was elected President and Vinson was elected to his twenty-fifth consecutive term in the House, the President-elect sent a telegram of congratulations to the man from Milledgeville, Georgia, whose support, he knew, would be essential for the success of his program in Congress. Since then, Vinson has proved to be indispensable. He deserted the Old South in January, 1961, and helped put through the famous scheme to "pack" the Rules Committee and cut down the blocking power of Virginia's Howard W. Smith.

"Now, the way I looked at that proposal," he said in an interview the other day, "we weren't voting to pack the Rules Committee. It was already packed, and I was in favor of unpacking it." So, of course, was Vinson's oldest friend in the House, the late Speaker Sam Rayburn.

Then the minimum-wage bill came along and Vinson produced the formula that finally got it through the House. He informed the President that if he would remove certain categories of employees from the bill, such as laundry workers, he would support it. And the bill, which looked for a time like a cooked goose, was passed. Vinson is one of the few men in the House who on occasion can "deliver" an essential margin of votes in a closely fought contest. The margin varies with the issue, but a Republican leader estimates that Vinson's pledge to "work for" a bill can be relied on to supply six to twelve votes from those opposing it, a healthy chunk of votes in a close contest.

Vinson understates and underplays his role as a source of Kennedy strength. He was asked how it was that he, an old-school Southerner, went out of his way to bail out the youthful big-city President from the North.

"I don't know what you mean," he said. "One or two times I hepped him iron out a few little kinks. I remember Kennedy when he first came down to the House. One of his first speeches, I went up to John McCormack and I told him that's a good young member you have from up there in Boston.

"Of course, he was a young man and I am from the previous generation. But I was a great admirer of his. I have called him a man of destiny and courage and he is. He's a practical young man with great ability."

BEING A practical man, Mr. Kennedy was exceedingly careful in his handling of the RS-70 and of the man from Georgia who was trying to order his administration around. Vinson raised a "good hot ruckus" and Kennedy said nothing until the afternoon before the day of decision in the House. Then he invited Vinson to the White House, and while their technicians worked out the precise language of the truce letter, the President and the chairman went out alone for a stroll in the Rose Garden.

President Kennedy knows that Vinson is indispensable to him in the great legislative battles in the House. He knows that while some of the most influential men there are opposing almost everything he is trying to do, and asserting to the utmost the negative power of Congress to refuse to act, Vinson is not one of them. With his long perspective of forty-eight years, Vinson is far more inclined to accept than to challenge the fact of Presidential power in the nuclear age.

After signing his truce with Kennedy, Vinson told the House: "Reasonable people don't go bumping into each other and having difficulties that can be avoided. There is always room for a little give and take. That is what makes our kind of government work."

That is the real Carl Vinson speaking.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Barnyard Government in Maryland

The Supreme Court has given new hope to the opponents of lopsided legislatures

J. ANTHONY LUKAS

"THE YOKELS hang on because old apportionments give them unfair advantages," H. L. Mencken wrote in 1928 as he cast a baleful eye at the rural domination of his native state. "The vote of a malarious peasant on the lower Eastern Shore counts as much as the votes of twelve Baltimoreans. But that can't last. It is not only unjust and undemocratic; it is absurd."

What Mencken called "Barnyard Government" has not only lasted in Maryland, it has grown more absurd by the year. It has repulsed all assaults by the downtrodden urban majority, the latest only last month. (On March 26, however, the Supreme Court held out the first real hope of relief with its ruling in a Tennessee reapportionment case.)

A recent University of Virginia study found Maryland now the fourth most malapportioned state. The most striking underrepresentation is no longer in Baltimore, however. Even as Mencken wrote, his beloved Baltimore's share of the state's population was rapidly slipping. From fifty-one per cent in 1920 it was down to thirty per cent in 1960, even though growing from 734,000 to 939,000.

In contrast, the suburban areas around both Baltimore and Washington have grown spectacularly. But Maryland's suburbanites have purchased split-level splendor at the price of gradual political disenfranchisement. The University of Virginia study shows three Maryland counties among the ten most underrepresented suburban counties in the nation. Baltimore County, north of Baltimore (which is itself a separate independent city), is second only to De Kalb County, Georgia; Prince Georges and Montgomery Counties, both in the Washington area, are seventh and ninth.

The rural counties continue to reap the benefits. Somerset County, with a population of 19,623 chicken farmers and oyster tongers, has three delegates in the State's House of Delegates, each representing 6,500 persons. Baltimore County, with a population of 492,428, has six delegates, each representing 82,000. The basic arithmetic of Maryland politics is that the urban bloc (Baltimore city, Montgomery, Baltimore, Prince Georges, and Anne Arundel Counties) has seventy-six per cent of the state's population but only thirty-four per cent of its senators and forty-nine per cent of its delegates. The remaining nineteen counties, with about twenty-four per cent of the population, have sixty-eight per cent of the senators and fifty-one per cent of the delegates.

Thus while most Marylanders are industrial, white-collar, or government workers living in metropolitan areas, political power in the state is held by fishermen, truck farmers, and tobacco growers who are unsympathetic to urban needs.

A Constitutional Disability

This situation is reinforced by what one observer calls "an intricate cobweb of constitutional conspiracy which guarantees the minority a permanent right to govern the majority." Probably nowhere else in the country are the privileges of the rural minority buttressed as they are in Maryland.

Maryland is one of only two states (the other is Delaware) with its entire apportionment written into the constitution, with no mandatory provision for revising it according to population growth.

The 1867 constitution gave one senator to each of the counties and to each of the six districts of Baltimore. It distributed delegates according to population but with a ceiling of six for any county or district with a population over 55,000. In 1950, with seven counties and all six Baltimore districts well past the 55,000 mark but smaller counties still gaining population and delegates, an amendment was passed freezing the existing apportionment.

Any reapportionment requires an amendment that needs three-fifths approval from both houses to get on the ballot. So far, the rural legislators have shown no inclination to vote themselves out of power. Another recourse is a constitutional convention. But the counties would be represented in a convention as they are in the legislature. Furthermore, a convention can be called only with the approval of both houses. Rural legislators are all too aware, as one senator warned recently, that a convention could "change the entire face of government in Maryland." The constitution does provide for a referendum every twenty years to determine if the voters want a convention called. But when the voters voted four to one in 1950 for a convention, the legislature refused to call one, and the state attorney general upheld the refusal.

In appeals to state administrations, advocates of reapportionment confront another powerful bulwark of the minority—the unit vote in state-wide primaries. Maryland and Georgia are the only states to use this system, under which each county and, in the case of Maryland, each city district has the same vote in the primary as its total representation in the legislature. A candidate receives all the unit votes in a county where he carries a majority of the popular vote. This gives rural counties the same disproportionate voice in the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nominations of candidates as they have in the legislature. It produces state administrations that are heavily beholden to rural areas for support.

An extreme example emerged in 1958. Elected governor by the biggest majority in the state's history was J. Millard Tawes, a native of Somerset County, the most overrepresented in the state. Among statehouse reporters Tawes is known as Mallard, a wild duck common in the marshes of the Chesapeake Bay. His rural leanings were bulwarked by an attorney general from Howard County (36,152) and a comptroller from Calvert County (15,826). The combined populations of the three top officials' home counties was less than 75,000 of the state's 3,100,689.

Nevertheless, Democratic strategists in the 1958 general election knew they had to give token recognition to the growing pressure for reapportionment in the suburban counties. The Democratic platform that year pledged appointment of a commission to draft a plan for "more equitable representation." In February, 1959, the governor named a fifteen-man commission headed by William C. Walsh, a former state attorney general. The commission was assigned to wrestle with census tracts and percentiles. But its real problems stemmed from the sectional jealousies and vested interests of classic border-state politics.

Rural Squires and City Bosses

Friction between the merchants and shippers of Baltimore and the planters of rural Maryland was already evident in the early nineteenth century. By 1818 the bustling port at the mouth of the Patapsco River had one-fifth the state's population but only two of its eighty delegates. That summer a Baltimore editor complained about the rural delegates: "Instead of striking at the root of the evil, which a strange jealousy against this city has planted, by liberally enlarging the power of the corporation, they rail at us and heap upon us every opprobrious epithet that presents itself."

On this tension between mercantile and agricultural interests was superimposed the conflict between slaveholders and abolitionists. Perhaps no other state was as divided by the emotions of the Civil War period. The tobacco planters and country squires of the Eastern Shore and Southern Maryland were of course rabidly Confederate. Strong elements in Baltimore openly sympathized with the Union.

This split reinforced rural suspicion of the city. As early as 1851, a Southern Maryland delegate to a constitutional convention conceded that the apportionment was outdated but said he was "not willing to sacrifice the great and vital interests of the smaller, slaveholding counties." He would accept some changes but not "the wild and extravagant doctrine of representation purely according to population."

The fear of "the tyranny of the majority" prevailed at the 1867 convention, where the beaten Confederates imposed an apportionment formula carefully designed to protect them against urban numbers. Rural distrust of Baltimore was also heightened by the influx of immigrants, particularly Irish and Italians, who were prey to the city's bosses. The specter of urban bossism still haunts the rural legislators as they watch such ripe specimens as Baltimore's Jack Pollack and Baltimore County's Michael Birmingham. With added legislative forces, they fear, the bosses would destroy vested rural interests accrued through long control in Annapolis.

Former Mayor James H. Preston of Baltimore once remarked, "With Baltimore inadequately represented in the legislature, the temptation of the rural delegates to 'spear and consume this fat oyster' cannot be and has not been resisted."

Many taxes bear more heavily on the city and the large counties while distribution is proportionately greater in the smaller counties. The formula for state aid to education, for example, makes funds available to supplement what can be raised by a fixed charge on the local property tax; it therefore favors rural counties with low assessment ratios. Year after year the legislature exempts new farm implements and machinery from the sales tax. This year it added wicker baskets for beans and tomatoes.

Their legislative position permits the Eastern Shore and Southern Maryland not only to protect their own Southern racial mores but often to prevent racial progress in the rest of the state. Maryland was the forty-sixth state to ratify the Fourteenth Amendment when it did so in 1959. Only this year, rural opposition helped kill a bill to prohibit discrimination in restaurants and hotels (introduced after African and Asian diplomats were refused service).

Most rural delegates also resist state social-welfare legislation. Though Maryland's record in the field is generally good, the small-county legislators conduct occasional raiding parties such as last year's bill which sharply tightened eligibility requirements for unemployment compensation.

Slot-Machine Politics

The long rural domination in Annapolis has also produced one of the most hidebound systems of legislative courtesy in the country. Senators may exempt their counties from almost any bill. This deference to local wishes shields many parochial interests. The slot-machine operators of Southern Maryland, the oyster and fishing interests on the Eastern Shore, and the strip-mine owners in Western Maryland are among those who benefit.

But probably the chief beneficiaries of Maryland's legislative system are the legislators themselves. Except for Baltimore city and Montgomery and Baltimore Counties, home rule is virtually unknown. Small-county delegations become their counties' *de facto* governing bodies by passing local bills a few weeks a year in Annapolis. A senator's prerogatives often make him the dominant political figure in the county. It is this personal political power, perhaps more than anything else, that the rural legislators fear they would lose through reapportionment.

After pondering these political facts for almost a year, the Walsh Commission concluded in late 1959 that it was unwise to rock Maryland's ship of state. "There is great diversity of interests in Maryland . . . ," its report said, ". . . and it has been traditional in Maryland to have each county and Baltimore city represented in the legislature so that these diversified

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interests may all be properly considered in enacting the laws of the State." What is more, it concluded, "It would be impractical to suggest any decrease in the present representation of any county in the House of Delegates."

The commission proposed a bill that would have added eighteen seats to the house by 1970. But it would have limited any county to ten seats and at best could have given the suburban-urban bloc seventy-six out of 140 seats. The governor backed the bill as a "practical" measure, but nobody had any enthusiasm for it and it was quickly killed.

By that time, pressure was building in the suburban counties for a more thoroughgoing attack on rural control. As the legislators headed home, the Issues Committee of the Western Suburban Democratic Club in Montgomery County was casting around for an issue and chose reapportionment. Led by Royce Hanson, a young professor of government at American University in Washington, the club took the lead in forming a state-wide Committee for Fair Representation. Christian H. Kahl, Baltimore County executive, was elected president and Hanson executive vice-president.

The committee now has branches in the four big suburban counties and Baltimore. It claims to represent some hundred thousand Maryland voters, largely through member organizations like the state AFL-CIO and the League of Women Voters.

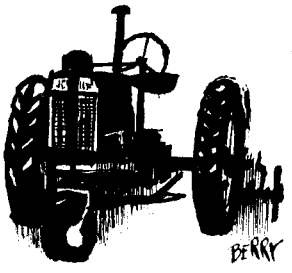
As a first step the committee decided to take its case to court. The courts have long been reluctant to touch this question, particularly since the Supreme Court's decision in *Colgrove* v. *Green* (1946). Speaking for the majority in that case, Justice Felix Frankfurter said reapportionment was of "a peculiarly political nature and therefore not meet for a judicial determination." He warned the courts "not to enter the political thicket."

This was the precedent when the Maryland committee filed suit in Anne Arundel County court in August, 1960. It contended that voters in the four suburban counties and Baltimore were being denied equal voting rights guaranteed in the Fourteenth Amendment. Six months later, Judge O. Bowie Duckett dismissed the suit, citing the Frankfurter doctrine. "It is difficult for me to believe that the elected representatives from the rural counties, if properly informed, will fail to support legislation beneficial to the welfare of our state as a whole," Judge Duckett said.

The case was promptly appealed to the state Court of Appeals, which has delayed its decision, reportedly waiting for the Supreme Court to rule in the Tennessee case. On March 26 the Supreme Court acted. It did not decide the substance of the complaint by eleven Tennessee city residents, but by a 6-2 vote it rejected the Frankfurter doctrine and held that city dwellers who feel their rights are impaired by malapportionment are entitled to a hearing in the Federal courts. The decision is certain to advance the struggle for reapportionment in Maryland and in many other states. Alfred L. Scanlan, chief attorney for the Maryland committee, expressed confidence last month that the court of appeals would now rule in the committee's favor. "We told the court our case would rise or fall with the Tennessee case. Now, I believe, it has risen," he said.

Tea Bags and Protests

Meanwhile, the committee continued to press for legislative action. At the 1960 election, volunteers manned the Montgomery County



polls and collected sixty-seven thousand signatures on petitions demanding fair reapportionment—more than the ballots cast for President Kennedy, who carried the county.

Then, in "An Appeal to Reasonable and Practical Legislators" sent to each delegate on the eve of the 1961 session, the committee said: "The time has passed for baling wire approaches . . . a little tinkering will not repair the machine of popular control." It proposed a basic enabling amendment that would have guaranteed each of the twenty-three counties and the six Baltimore districts two delegates but apportioned the remainder up to 150 on the basis of population. For the first time it would also have permitted, but not required, reapportionment of the senate by adding up to twenty-one more senators on the basis of population. The details of apportionment would be left to the legislature after the amendment passed.

THE COMMITTEE put on an "Annapolis Tea Party" at the House Judiciary Committee hearing. Suburbanites sported tea bags in their lapels to protest modern taxation without representation.

But the committee's plan quickly embroiled it in a fight with Governor Tawes, who first backed the old Walsh Commission plan and then an almost identical "compromise" sponsored by two suburban senators. "Politics," the governor proclaimed, "is the art of the possible." The committee's proposal, he said, was "clearly in the realm of the impossible." Royce Hanson fired back by terming the new plan "not a compromise but a sell-out" and noting that "some things might be brought into the realm of the possible by strong executive leadership."

But the proposal proved anathema to most legislators too. Reapportionment, one quipped, was becoming "Hanson's disease for politicians." Even the compromise plan could not muster the necessary three-fifths. It failed by one vote.

One delegate from a slot-machine county told a reporter he had traded his vote at the last moment for "a few votes for slots," which were under heavy attack at the session. He said he had cleared with a member of the governor's staff. And "Biggy" Long, a truck-farmer delegate from the governor's home county, was absent on the final roll call. "Biggy," it seemed, had just received a shipment of very delicate tomato plants that needed his immediate personal attention. He sent his regrets.

But by summer the approaching 1962 election was worrying the Tawes camp. If former Governor

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theodore McKeldin was the Republican candidate, Tawes could be in serious trouble in the suburban counties. This concern was clear last June, when Attorney General Thomas Finan warned that some people were becoming "fanatical" about reapportionment. "We must have a meeting of minds on this," he said. "We can't be too parochial about this or we are going to defeat the people we love."

A similar sense of urgency affected the reapportionment forces. With Baltimore's share of the state population diminishing every year, Hanson and his colleagues knew the next few years were critical. By 1970 Baltimore would be overrepresented for the first time in its history and its thirty-six votes could no longer be counted on.

A rash of reapportionment bills went into the hopper at last month's session. The most equitable was one that took six seats from the Eastern Shore and seven from Western Maryland and distributed them chiefly to the suburban counties. It also included a provision for dividing the big counties into single-member districts, but this was dropped at the insistence of suburban delegates who feared it would splinter their organizations. When it reached the house floor, the rural delegates put up a spirited fight, insisting the present apportionment had "worked well for ninety-five years." But this time the bill passed by one vote.

The events of the next two days have been variously reported. There are persistent tales of an Eastern Shore caucus and a warning that if the bill passed, Shoremen would support the governor's chief opponent in the May primary. By then the primary was the governor's main concern. Only four days before, McKeldin had announced that he would not be a candidate. The potential loss of rural unit votes in May suddenly far outweighed the possible loss of suburban popular votes in November.

Whether the governor passed any word to the senate leaders is not known. But observers saw little evidence of an all-out push from the executive office. The bill lost by two votes in the senate. Barnyard government in Maryland was safe for the time being.

A New Approach To the Farm Problem

HANS LANDSBERG

WHETHER President Kennedy's 1962 Farm Message will inspire a better piece of legislation than did its ill-fated predecessor of 1961 is in the lap of Congress, but there is little doubt that it provides a far better start. While its general outlook is more sweeping, its immediate scope is more limited and so is less likely to run into the widespread opposition the 1961 program encountered in attempting to regulate everyone from poultrymen to sellers of frozen orange juice. In agriculture, as in education and welfare, the administration has decided that an advance in a limited sector is to be preferred over a vain assault on a broad front.

Reduced to its simplest terms, the Farm Message contends that, at least over the next twenty years, our farm economy will be confronted with a surplus of cropland on the order of fifty million acres and plagued by inefficient farm operators who are unable to earn an adequate living from farming. The message recommends putting surplus cropland to use for raising trees, for recreation, for grazing, and for wildlife refuges. Against the backdrop of these long-term considerations, the message projects specific measures dealing with only a handful of farm products: wheat, feed grains, cotton, and milk. It avoids the legislative dragnet that led to the defeat of last year's program.

The farm problem is complicated by many factors, foremost of which are a slow growth in the demand for agricultural products, becoming ever slower as the number of the ill-fed declines and concern with obesity and cholesterol rises; a rapid advance of technology in farm production; a high rate of urban unemployment that impedes absorption of excess farm manpower; a concentration of low-skilled labor in many branches of farming; and the traditional inability of farmers to affect the terms under which their products are traded, thus leaving agriculture the largest single example of competition in an increasingly uncompetitive economy. The results of these difficulties are low farm income, unstable prices, accumulating surpluses, shrinking markets, and a succession of frustrated Secretaries of Agriculture. None of this is new, but as each administration faces the farm problem it is anxious to put its own stamp upon diagnosis and care. Mr. Kennedy has been no exception. In 1961, he warned that agriculture could not prosper if allowed to continue as an island of competition in a sea of big business and big labor. The second Kennedy message now adds the conclusion that if agriculture wants the rewards enjoyed by

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rest of the economy, it must rid itself of all excess baggage: land, surpluses, and people.

Dr. Cochrane's Prescription

A principal author of this philosophy is Dr. Willard W. Cochrane, director of agricultural economics in the Department of Agriculture. Cochrane is a former professor of agricultural economics at the University of Minnesota who got into politics as an adviser to Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman when Freeman was governor of Minnesota, and who joined the Kennedy campaign in 1960 as a farm-policy aide. The pressures of national politics have left their mark upon the Minnesota economist. "There is one thing I have realized since I joined Mr. Kennedy's campaign in Los Angeles," says Cochrane. "We live in an urban society and we must convince the urban voter and his representative in Congress of the logic and merit of our approach."

Cochrane's thesis is that the farmer above all lacks the "market power" that is standard practice in industry. Anyone inviting U.S. Steel or General Motors to produce at capacity and take pot luck on prices would rightly be judged a crank. Indeed, it is considered a mark of prudent management to prepare market calculations that indicate what output the market can absorb at the price the producer knows he must get. But farming, with few exceptions, lacks this mechanism. It proceeds by trial and error. Government, when it has attempted to inject "market power" into agriculture, has invariably been accused of trying to regiment the farmer. Cochrane feels that it is time for a change in attitude and that farming must move into the twentieth century in the marketplace—as it has already done in technology—and be furnished an arsenal of economic weapons similar to those long possessed by industry. He is strengthened in this belief by the fact that for most farm commodities a reduction in price does not cause volume to rise enough to make up what is lost on each transaction, and also by the fact that as people's incomes rise, the amount they spend on farm products does not rise proportionately. When output expands, the extra bushel or bale will go begging at the former price, and eventually the price of the whole output will be driven down through the efforts of each producer to sell his crop.

Cochrane's proposals go far beyond the remedies advanced by the Kennedy administration's 1962 farm legislation. The gradual and permanent reduction of surpluses, acreage, and the number of farms and farmers is but one of the approaches he recommends for strengthening the farmer's control over supply and prices. Because of the potential social side effects, market forces alone should not be allowed to bring about this reallocation of farm resources, the economist contends, and he has elaborated an original philosophy of farm economics that may well shape the administration's proposals in the years ahead.

COCHRANE concludes that if the rest of the economy will not become more competitive, then agriculture must become less so—not, as in the past, to overcome a temporary disequilibrium but permanently. He would have government economists estimate how much of a commodity in question could be sold at various prices. A fair price would be set, and the demand at this price calculated. To this quantity would be added foreign-trade needs and whatever amount the government wished to have available for purposes of foreign policy or other public programs. The resulting production goal could then be allocated among the producers in proportion to their share in growing the crop in past years. If the calculations were correct, the season would close with no unwanted surpluses to be stored, transported, and eventually disposed of. Price stability would help the farmer to plan and would favor more use of modern technology, from fertilizer to pest control and from scientific breeding to plant selection. Uncertain prices now often make cash outlays or credit commitments for such extras unduly risky. Finally, once surplus stocks are liquidated, future output could be kept in step with population growth, changes in taste and fashion, and technology without burdening the farmer with the bill for social change.

Harvesting Franchises

A perennial accusation leveled against just about any type of control program is that it tends to freeze the existing pattern of production, protecting the inefficient producer. Cochrane would meet this objection by a "marketing certificate," in essence a license issued to each farmer to sell a given share of the national quota for his crop. Such a certificate —included in the 1961 legislative proposal but dropped this year in the "one thing at a time" spirit— might state that Farmer X is entitled to market two per cent of his county's annual wheat quota. Farmer X might use his certificate or he might sell it, in part or in full, for a limited time or for good. Thus a market for these certificates would come into being, and presumably their price would indicate the attractiveness of producing a particular commodity. It is quite possible that low-cost producers would bid eagerly for these negotiable certificates and that the high-cost producers would find it more profitable to sell their franchise than to produce. This might lead to concentration of commercial production in the hands of the more efficient, not through forced sales but through trade in marketing certificates and with probable benefits to the consumer. Administrative convenience, a handy control measure, and a shot of competition could thus be combined in one neat package.

Since the Department of Agriculture estimates that 1.6 million of the country's 2.3 million family-size commercial farms are inadequate in size and productivity to provide an acceptable standard of living, the scope for transfers is probably large.

Cochrane recognizes that his scheme parallels public-utility regu-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lation. As the marketing certificate corresponds to the utility franchise, so the fair price for farm products resembles the utility rate. Food and fiber production, he argues, is as vital a concern to society as power, and the government has the right in both areas to set monopoly prices in return for a guaranteed and stable market. Even the search for a fair price would be reminiscent of utility procedures. Price guidelines would be suggested by the Department of Agriculture, farm groups, and others; hearings would be held and comparisons drawn with other parts of the economy, with the final decisions reserved to Congress or a body responsible to it.

WHILE Congress is thus in a commanding position in Cochrane's scheme, the role of fair price and the parity concept differ sharply with past thinking. Ever since the depression, fair price in American farm policy has been the floor set by the government to make sure no producer is forced to sell for less. Fairness, in turn, has been determined for each commodity, broadly speaking, by keeping its price in a reasonable relationship (parity) to the aggregate of prices the farmer pays for the things he must buy.

Cochrane conceives fairness as an adequate return on investment—perhaps four to six per cent—and on management, and a decent compensation for the farmer's labor. Here Cochrane singles out the construction worker's wage, similar in physical and technological environment, as a possible model. He is not ready to speculate where specific commodity prices would settle or how consumers' food bills would be affected until the studies in the department have gone forward. But as a professor he once estimated that farm prices could be kept from sliding if output were reduced by no more than two to four per cent, provided the government continued a program of "Food for Peace." Without such a program, output might have to be contracted seven to nine per cent to stabilize prices. He does not say what reduction in output would be needed to guarantee a fair wage and a fair return on farm assets. As long as these questions affecting the consumer and the Federal budget are left unanswered, the administration can expect that Congress will continue to look askance at any effort to replace traditional price formulas by the more sophisticated "public utility" formula Cochrane proposes.

The central ideas in Cochrane's thinking differ substantially from the time-honored approach of price parity and acreage control. Instead of achieving parity by manipulating farm prices so as to give them a fair relationship to nonfarm prices, he would establish goals of fair compensation for farm labor, capital, and management. Acreage or production control would not represent the *quid pro quo* farmers would have to accept in return for a price floor; the function of control would be to set the level of production that the market can absorb at the fair price.

All past remedies seem to have ended in the swelling of production beyond the market's capacity for absorption. This has been true of every attempt to control acreage alone, because other factors—fertilizers, insecticides, improved seeds and breeds, better machines—can easily substitute for land. It has been equally true of all attempts to induce the farmer to produce less by lowering the price he is promised. The new Department of Agriculture approach favors control of production rather than acreage, using marketing quotas and agreements as tools. Government purchases would come into use only when errors in crop forecasts needed to be offset, not as a central pillar of market support. Cochrane wants to spend public funds to forestall the emergence of surpluses; previous devices have spent them to hold off the market the surplus crops that were bound to emerge.

What Went Wrong in '61

The farm program the administration submitted to Congress in 1961 contained both too little and too much of Cochrane's thinking. Too little in that the basic long-range philosophy was partly obscured by generalities, partly buried in controversial administrative mechanics; too much because the framers of S. 1643, the adminstration bill that finally emerged as the uninspired Agricultural Act of 1961, had elected to go all out in terms of power to be delegated to the Secretary, of commodities to be covered, and of methods to be used. The strategy proved deadly. Almost from the start, feeling ran high on the proposed delegation of authority to the Secretary to establish advisory committees and write legislation to be submitted to Congress for little more than a "Yes or No" decision. Drafting the bill as a piece of broad enabling legislation whose sponsors were largely unprepared to specify what was planned in any given instance led to exchanges such as these:

SENATOR AIKEN: "Christmas trees will not be covered?" SECRETARY FREEMAN: "No, sir." SENATOR AIKEN: "Should they be covered?" SECRETARY FREEMAN: "I do not know."

Vagueness of intent served to maximize both the number of opponents and their hostility. Since every farmer, handler, or processor could become the target of the proposed legislation, and since just about any kind of control could be set up under its terms, nearly everybody seemed to conclude that the best thing to do was go or write to Washington and protest.

And so, through most of May and June, 1961, hostile witnesses filed before the two Congressional committees. Charles Shuman, president of the powerful American Farm Bureau Federation, characterized the bill as ". . . a bid to concentrate unprecedented power in the hands of the Secretary of Agriculture and the Executive branch of the government." Congress was so absorbed by the seeming attack on its rights that when it was through amending, striking, and substituting, the only surviving reference to the basic philosophy was a dozen or so words that spoke of providing farmers with the means to "develop and strengthen their bargaining power in the Nation's economy."

THIS YEAR the department's strategy is to advance toward the same goal commodity by commodity, with wheat and feed grains as the principal targets. The producers in that field are old hands at controls. Also, the public purse is affected most when it comes to grains: some eighty-five per cent of the government's

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

money that is tied up in farm commodity loans and stocks covers grains, to the tune of some $6 billion (not counting accumulated storage, handling, and transportation charges). These figures reflect on the efficacy of past programs and underscore the need for a new approach to the problem. At any rate, Cochrane is hopeful about the 1962 bill's chances.

Agricultural Birth Control

Between rounds, the department's economists have been conducting research to back up renewed requests for supply-adjustment legislation for this or that commodity. It is expected that a series of reports will eventually issue from the department, perhaps comparable in scope to those which flowed from it in the early days of the New Deal.

Unfortunately for the embattled department, a record harvest last year has made its job even more difficult. Unprecedented yields and bursting storage bins seem to prove that once again farm policy has caused a large outflow of public funds to be spent in a vain attempt to curtail production. The administration replies with statistics: for the first time in nine years, feed-grain stocks are on the decline; by the fall of 1961 they had dropped some five million tons, reversing the build-up that has proceeded at the rate of some seven million tons annually, year after year. The total stood at seventy-nine million tons last fall, about the equivalent of a normal year's harvest.

The critics reply that there is nothing simpler than to purchase reductions in output: pay the farmer enough not to plant, and a reduction follows—and with it a hole in the budget. To this the administration has a twofold rejoinder: in the long run the admittedly large initial government outlays will be more than offset by savings that will eventually result from not having to handle, store, and transport hundreds of millions of bushels of surplus. Agricultural birth control as practiced in 1961 should save the Treasury some five hundred million dollars annually over the years to come. Furthermore, the department argues, without the program the near-perfect growing conditions of 1961 would have produced a veritable avalanche of surplus feed grains.

Meanwhile, the size of current outlays for the program and continuing high crop yields speak a language that leaves the public unconvinced and the budget-conscious White House perturbed. But even though Secretary Freeman and his aides have been pushed onto the defensive, they have not abandoned their philosophy. The 1962 Farm Message had supply adjustment written all over it. The operational devices are complex: different types of marketing certificates and different

prices for domestic, export, and feed grains; fees for marketing surplus milk; provisions for excess allotments in cotton. But in contrast to past adjustments, from President Hoover's Federal Farm Board to Secretary Ezra Taft Benson's Soil Bank, these measures are designed not to correct a temporary disequilibrium between supply and demand but as steps in a permanent transfer of resources out of farming into more rewarding uses. One result is that the administration bill contains detailed provisions for land use on acreage withdrawn from grain production.

For the sake of provoking a more meaningful debate, it is hoped that the Congressional hearings will focus on this central dilemma: either a shakeout of the farm economy, without government involvement, in which the survival of the most efficient is accompanied by the economic decay of perhaps half the nation's farms, or else adjustment of supply—the substitution of government-sponsored group action, backed by the threat of discontinuing Federal supports to the farmer unable to swing his weight in the market-power politics of modern society.

THE OUTCOME is uncertain. Much will depend upon the administration's ability to back up its contention that such an approach will in the long run bring relief to the Treasury without significantly raising the cost of food. The plan to set production quotas below current needs so that the gap may be met from surplus stocks should prove attractive in the face of heavy carrying costs. But unless Secretary Freeman can satisfy Congress that relief from the burden of surplus stocks will not be canceled by the payments made to farmers for reducing production, and that shifting land and labor into more promising activities will not mean a giant rural WPA, 1962 could simply witness yet another version of the same old ritual farm-policy debate and new models of the parity-price and acreage-allotment devices. This is the more possible since the new legislation has introduced Cochrane's fair-price concept obliquely: a section of the old Agricultural Act of 1949 is to be amended to set as a goal for farmers "the income needed to provide a farm operator and his family with a return for his labor and investment equal to the return earned by comparable resources in other occupations." Thus the fair price, left intentionally vague in Cochrane's academic writings, is only hinted at in the bill; but the administration may nonetheless be asked to demonstrate that it is something that Congress can come to grips with administratively and that its attainment will not penalize the consumer.

Ezra Benson, too, at one time confronted Congress with the grim choice between stringent controls and dismantling of government intervention. Congress promptly chose controls but relaxed them enough to give us the worst of both worlds. If Mr. Freeman can keep the long perspective before the eyes of Congress, he may be able to keep the debate from slipping into the perennial rut. While his chances are better than they were a year ago, Congress has played the parity-formula game for so many years that it may be loath to change.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spy Trial in Cairo

CLAIRE STERLING

CAIRO

DURING the night of last November 23, four Egyptians, an Italian, a Greek, and six Frenchmen were rounded up by police in Cairo and taken off to a military prison. Accused of running a spy ring, the prisoners were remanded to the Higher State Security Court. Their trial, under way since January 15, is now nearing its end. If convicted, the foreigners among them might get life imprisonment, the Egyptian nationals a death sentence.

In a country teeming with spies both real and imagined, an episode of this kind normally would not attract much attention. But it was clear from the beginning that this was not an ordinary spy case. For one thing, the defendants were nothing like the motley fifty-dollar-a-month mercenaries generally hauled up by police dragnets in the Middle East: among them, for instance, were Adly Andraos, a widely respected retired Egyptian ambassador; Alexander Papradoulo, a distinguished antiquities expert and editor of the intellectual *Revue du Caire;* Adel Sabet, a popular young publisher whose monthly *Economic and Political Review* has long been a pillar of support for the Nasser régime; François Ferré, a former French judge in the Egyptian courts; and four French diplomats—André Mattéi, Jean-Paul Bellivier, Henri Mouton, and André Miquel, accredited members of the Commission on French Interests in Egypt. Furthermore, the charges were exceptionally grave, and the evidence reportedly damning.

According to Egyptian authorities, the headquarters of the ring had been the French property mission, which was established in 1958 to settle sequestration problems arising from the 1956 Suez crisis but which was in reality an espionage mission operating on written instructions from the Quai d'Orsay; some thousand reports found on its premises contained secret political, economic, and military information said to have been gathered by the defendants; members of the mission had written and distributed subversive leaflets, were conspiring with anti-Nasser army officers to stage a *coup d'état,* and were working to incite a new Israeli invasion of Egypt, timed to coincide with the coup.

Within forty-eight hours of their arrest, nearly all the prisoners had written out confessions to this effect. A few days later, they repeated them over the national television network and in prison interviews with an Egyptian journalist. They seemed remarkably candid:

"Were you disconcerted by the evidence put before you in the interrogation?" Bellivier was asked.

"The word 'disconcerted' is not enough to express my astonishment," he replied. "I could not refrain from giving a military salute to express my admiration for your secret service. This operation was the work of an artist."

"Why should France want to assassinate President Nasser?"

"He is against France in regard to Algeria . . . and it is therefore in our interest that he should disappear."

On the witness stand, however, the prisoners had a different story to tell. Flanked by twenty defense lawyers and addressing a packed courtroom, all the defendants repudiated their confessions as extorted under duress. Mouton declared that he had been questioned for seventy-two hours without respite while suffering from renal colic, blindfolded and chained for twenty-four hours, and forced to his knees while being beaten on the back of his neck. Ferré, who is sixty-four, said he had been made to stand for sixteen hours wearing only a shirt while suffering from influenza with a high fever, and had been allowed no sleep for several days. Miquel said he had been stripped and had his left wrist tied to his ankle for five hours, while strong flashlights were shone in his eyes. Bellivier said he had been stripped and thrown to the floor, confined to a dark cell, threatened with murder, and systematically beaten on the back of his neck until "I was completely out of my senses."

The defendants maintained that their confessions had been dictated word for word by the police; and while their interrogators had apparently been using some authentic material for reference—diplomatic reports and tape-recorded conversations—they had either grotesquely misinterpreted the material or, through a faulty command of French, wholly misunderstood it. Mouton testified, for instance, that where he had referred in one recorded conversation to 100,000,000 francs, the police had insisted that he was talking of 100,000,000 astrakhans, and demanded an explanation of the code; and where, on another tape, he had used the phrase *"valeur de rachat,"* meaning property redemption value, his interrogators had asked him repeatedly, "Who *is* this Rachat?"

Overheard at Groppi's

None of the French diplomats denied having written at least some of the 273 reports read out to the court. But while these covered a wide range of subjects from foreign-trade balances and the cotton worm to rumors of unrest in the army, they did not seem to contain any statements that might "shatter the régime," as Mattéi put it; nor was there any material in them that could not have been picked up from cocktail parties, café gossip, or the local press —which is where the diplomats claimed to have acquired it. One or two of them admitted, for example, that they had some informative conversations with the publisher Adel Sabet—who pointed out, in turn, that as an "official apologist" for the régime, it was his job to impart just such information. They admitted, too, that they had bought some information from a seventy-five-year-old Italian journalist and co-defendant named Gabrial Inkeri, who said he had gotten it at Groppi's café from another co-defendant, Andraos, who agreed that this might be true. Andraos added, however, that while he had occasionally discussed politics with Inkeri at Groppi's, where both men habitually ate breakfast, he had been in retirement far too long to know any state secrets, and besides, would hardly have tried to pass them on at this celebrated café "where everyone knows there is a police

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agent hiding behind a newspaper at every second table."

On the other hand, the diplomats denied vigorously that they had ever met, still less conspired with, any Egyptian army officers or taken active steps of any kind against the régime. They did mention in one report that nothing short of invasion or assassination or both could unseat Nasser, they said. But this was simply their objective view of the facts. As for the subversive leaflets attributed to them, they were plainly shocked at the suggestion that they might be guilty of such prose. Confronted with a mud-spattered sample entitled "Dictator Nasser Takes Revenge Against Innocent People," Mattéi observed coldly: "No French official could have undertaken anything so stupid."

After two months of hearings, it was apparent that the state's case against this allegedly deadly spy ring was embarrassingly meager. With no other incriminating evidence—the prosecutor had evidently thought better of producing the tape recordings in court—the case rested almost entirely on the confiscated diplomatic reports; and while these contained a surprising amount of scuttlebutt, the same could probably be said for many or most dispatches going out through diplomatic pouches from Cairo, not to speak of those coming in from Nasser's own representatives abroad. The diplomat's right to collect and report all the scuttlebutt he pleases without fear of reprisal has been sanctified by international law for thousands of years; even the Prophet Mohammed is known to have said: "It is only because the throats of emissaries cannot be cut that I am not cutting yours." The only serious question raised by the prosecution was whether these particular diplomats had a right to the immunity traditionally accorded to all the others.

SINCE FRANCE has not yet re-established full diplomatic relations with Egypt, this is admittedly a valid question. The defendants argue that they are official representatives of the French government traveling on diplomatic passports, that they came to Egypt on a "good offices" mission formally agreed upon in Zurich in August, 1958, and that Article Six of a letter sent by the Egyptian foreign office on April 23, 1959, guaranteed them diplomatic immunity from all legal procedures. The Egyptians say this immunity was limited, by a subsequent municipal decree, to their "official duties" in regard to sequestration and cultural matters, and the mission's director, Mattéi, concedes that he and his colleagues might have "exceeded" those duties. He explains, however, that they did so to help their government prepare the way for resumption of normal diplomatic relations; and while they might not have chosen the most judicious way of doing this, he did not think they had acted unlawfully in sending out information that might as easily—and legally—have been procured by any foreign reporter or tourist. One cannot help wondering why Nasser did not simply throw them out of Egypt, as he has often done with reporters whose dispatches displeased him, rather than indict them on charges that might keep them in prison for life.

IT IS POSSIBLE, as people close to Nasser suggest, that he was sincerely convinced of the defendants' criminal guilt when he ordered their arrest in November. He had certainly been assured of it by his minister of the interior, and his abiding suspicion of all western diplomats, especially French ones, would naturally have led him to believe it. At that particular moment, however, he happened also to be suspicious of practically everybody, and there is not much doubt that the defendants were victims of that unhappy circumstance.

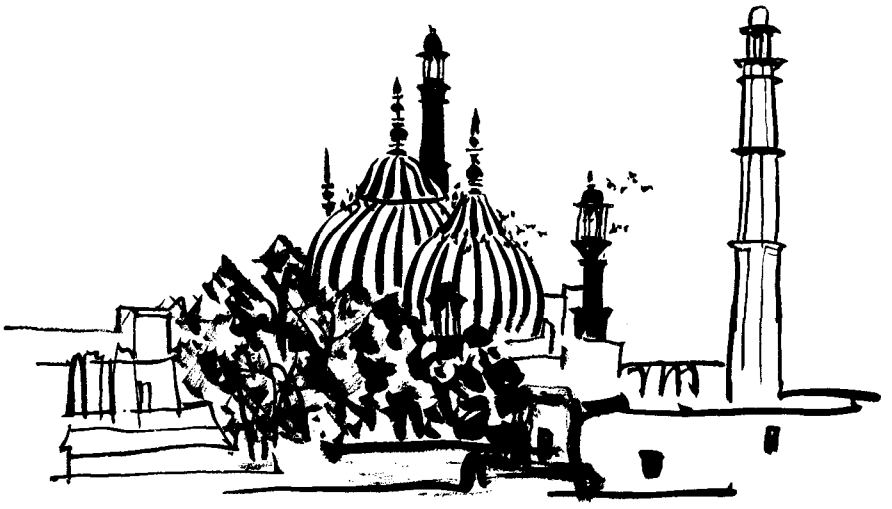
While Nasser had behaved most decorously toward the Syrians when they broke away from Egypt last September, their revolt had shaken him as not even Suez had done. For the first time in his ten years of power, he felt himself directly threatened not just by foreign imperialists but by fellow Arabs; and if it was too late to protect himself in his former Syrian province, he could go to considerable lengths to do so at home. In the two months following the coup in Damascus, four Egyptian army officers were arrested for conspiracy (by official count; the unofficial count has been put at anywhere from eighteen to four hundred); forty "reactionary politicians" were rounded up in midnight raids and taken to concentration camps under "preventive" arrest; and the property of eight hundred people—including almost everyone left in Egypt's foreign colony and quite a few Egyptians besides—was sequestered, to "sterilize" the capital that Nasser thought might be used to overthrow him.

It is clear by now that these measures were purely and excessively precautionary. For all the reports of Nasser's imminent downfall last autumn (dutifully reported by the French, along with nearly all the other diplomats in Cairo), there is no evidence of a serious conspiracy against him, then or since. While a dictator cannot be too careful, this one is demonstrably in a much stronger position than most, as he himself has apparently concluded. During the last few weeks the régime has started gradually to restore the properties seized in October and release political prisoners from concentration camps, while the local press has suddenly taken a consuming interest in a different spy trial, involving some obscure Greek mercenaries who had reportedly been operating along more conventional lines with midget cameras and invisible ink.

This appreciably more relaxed atmosphere has encouraged western diplomats to hope that the celebrated diplomats' spy trial may end less unhappily than it began. The defendants, they say, are almost certain to draw stiff sentences. But several practical considerations may well induce Nasser to commute them: the inadequacy of the prosecution's case, the energetic protests made by every western nation with which Nasser is anxious to get back on friendly terms, the cease-fire in Algeria (which should oblige him to reconsider his relations with France on a lot of counts), and, above all, his own sense of renewed personal security.

Should Nasser be willing to forgive and forget in this instance, so would the western chancelleries, which are at least as eager to be friendly with him these days as he is with them. For the twelve men on trial, however, and for many ordinary citizens both in Egypt and elsewhere, this brief glimpse of tragicomic life in a police state may not easily be forgiven or forgotten.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Short Story

The Green Blazer

R. K. NARAYAN

THE GREEN BLAZER stood out under the bright sun and blue sky. Villagers in shirts and turbans, townsmen in coats and caps, beggars bare-bodied, and women in multicolored saris were thronging the narrow passage between the stalls and moving in great confused masses, but still the Green Blazer could not be missed. The jabber and babble of the marketplace was there, as people harangued, disputed prices, haggled, or greeted each other; over it all boomed the voice of a Bible preacher and, when he paused for breath, from another corner the loudspeaker of a health van amplified on malaria and tuberculosis. Over and above it all the Green Blazer seemed to cry out an invitation. Raju could not ignore it. It was not in his nature to ignore such a persistent invitation. He kept himself half aloof from the crowd; he could not afford to remain completely aloof or keep himself in it too conspicuously. Wherever he might be he was harrowed by the fear of being spotted by a policeman; today he wore a loincloth and was bare-bodied, and had wound an enormous turban over his head, which overshadowed his face completely, and he hoped that he would be taken for a peasant from a village.

He sat on a stack of cast-off banana stalks beside a shop awning and watched the crowd with concentration. It was his professional occupation. Constitutionally he was an idler and had just the amount of energy to watch in a crowd and put his hand into another person's pocket. It was a gamble, of course. Sometimes he got nothing out of a venture, counting himself lucky if he came out with his fingers intact. Sometimes he picked up a fountain pen and the "receiver" behind the Municipal Office would not offer even four annas for it, and there was always the danger of being traced through it. Raju promised himself that some day he would leave fountain pens alone; he wouldn't touch one even if they were presented to him on a plate; they were too much bother—inky, leaky, and next to worthless, if one could believe what the "receiver" said about them. Watches were in the same category.

What Raju loved most was a nice, bulging purse. If he saw one he picked it up with the greatest deftness. He took the cash in it, flung it far away, and went home with the satisfaction that he had done his day's job well. He splashed a little water over his face and hair and tidied himself up before walking down the street again as a normal citizen. He bought sweets, books, and slates for his children, and occasionally a jacket for his wife. He was not always easy in mind about his wife. When he went home with too much cash he had always to take care to hide it in an envelope and shove it under a roof tile. Otherwise she asked too many questions and made herself miserable. She liked to believe that he was reformed and earned the cash he showed her as commission. She never bothered to ask what the commissions were for; a commission seemed to her something absolute.

RAJU jumped down from the banana stack and followed the Green Blazer, always keeping himself three steps behind. It was a nicely calculated distance, acquired by intuition and practice. The distance must not be so much as to obscure the movement of the other's hand to and from his purse, nor so close as to become a nuisance and create suspicion. It had to be finely balanced and calculated—the same sort of calculations as carry a shikari through his tracking of game and see him safely home again. Only this hunter's task was more complicated. The hunter in the forest could count his day a success if he laid his quarry flat, but here one had to extract the heart out of the quarry without injuring it.

Raju waited patiently, pretending to be examining some rolls of rush mat, while the Green Blazer spent a considerable length of time drinking from a coconut at a nearby booth. It looked as though he would not move again at all. After sucking all the water in the coconut, he seemed to wait interminably for the nut to be split and the soft white kernel scooped out with a knife. The sight of the white kernel scooped and disappearing into the other's mouth made Raju crave it. But he suppressed the thought: it would be inept to be spending time drinking and eating while professionally occupied; the quarry might slip away and be lost forever . . . Raju saw him take out his black purse and start a debate with the coconut seller

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It happened in Hitler's Third Reich...It could be happening today

When there is a wall between men and freedom—like the Siegfried line of Nazi boss Adolf Hitler's totalitarian Germany, or the Berlin wall of Communist boss Walter Ulbricht's totalitarian East Germany—whenever this kind of wall exists, certain men will face death because they cannot live with evil.

THE COUNTERFEIT TRAITOR tells the story of such a man, who fought the armed might and fury of the Third Reich—from the inside—with more passion and intensity than a thousand men. It is an amazing, absolutely authentic story of an extraordinary man—Eric Erickson, a Brooklyn-born Cornell football hero who later became an oil man in Texas and Sweden.

Erickson was blacklisted, ostracized by his friends for doing business with Himmler and the other Nazis. Only at the end of World War II could it be publicly revealed that Erickson's seeming disloyalty had helped him secure priceless military secrets for the Allies.

But this is more than his story—it is the story of all the people of an exciting era—the meek as well as the mighty—in a motion picture that tried no compromises with integrity, that will be vital and timely as long as tyranny exists anywhere.

WILLIAM HOLDEN · LILLI PALMER

In The PERLBERG-SEATON Production of

THE COUNTERFEIT TRAITOR

CO-STARRING HUGH GRIFFITH

Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG · Written for the screen and Directed by GEORGE SEATON · Based on the book by ALEXANDER KLEIN

A PARAMOUNT RELEASE

PRINTS BY TECHNICOLOR®

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over the price of coconuts. He had a thick, sawing voice that disconcerted Raju. It sounded like the growl of a tiger, but what jungle-hardened hunter ever took a step back because a tiger's growl sent his heart racing involuntarily! The way the other haggled didn't appeal to Raju either; it showed a mean and petty temperament—too much fondness for money. Those were the narrow-minded troublemakers who made endless fuss when a purse was lost.

Finally the Green Blazer moved, stopping at a stall flying colored balloons. He bought a balloon after an endless argument with the shopman—further demonstration of his meanness. He said, "This is for a motherless boy. I have promised it to him. If it bursts or gets lost before I go home, he will cry all night, and I wouldn't like it at all."

Raju got his chance when the other passed through a narrow stile, where people were passing four thick in order to see a wax model of Gandhi reading a newspaper.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER Raju was examining the contents of the purse. He went away to a secluded spot behind a disused well. Its crumbling parapet seemed to offer an ideal screen for his activities. The purse contained ten rupees in cash and twenty in currency notes and a few annas in nickel. Raju tucked the annas at his waist in his loincloth. "Must give them to some beggars," he reflected generously. There was a blind fellow yelling his life out at the entrance to the fair and nobody seemed to care. People seemed to have lost all sense of sympathy these days. The thirty rupees he bundled into a knot at the end of his turban and wrapped this again round his head. It would see him through the rest of the month. He could lead a clean life for at least a fortnight and take his wife and children to a picture.

Now the purse lay limp within the hollow of his hand. It was only left for him to fling it into the well and dust it off his hand and then he might walk among princes with equal pride at heart. He peeped into the well. It had a little shallow water at the bottom. The purse might float, and a floating purse could cause the worst troubles on earth. He opened the flap of the purse in order to fill it up with pebbles before drowning it. Now, through the slit at its side, he saw a balloon folded and tucked away. "Oh, this he bought . . ." He remembered the other's talk about the motherless child. "What a fool to keep this in the purse," Raju reflected. "It is the carelessness of parents that makes young one suffer," he ruminated angrily. For a moment he paused over a picture of the growling father returning home and the motherless one waiting at the door for the promised balloons, and this growling man feeling for his purse. Oh, it was too painful!

Raju almost sobbed at the thought of the disappointed motherless boy. There was no one to comfort him. Perhaps this ruffian would beat him if he cried too long. The Green Blazer did not look like one who

knew the language of children. Raju was filled with pity at the thought of the young child, perhaps of the same age as his second son. Suppose his wife were dead . . . though personally it might make things easier for him, he need not conceal his cash under the roof. He overcame this thought as an unworthy side issue. If his wife should die it would make him very sad indeed and tax all his ingenuity to keep his young ones quiet. . . . That motherless boy must have his balloon at any cost, Raju decided. But how? He peeped over the parapet across the intervening space at the distant crowd. The balloon could not be handed back. The thing to do was to put it back into the empty purse and slip it into the other's pocket.

The Green Blazer was watching the heckling that was going on as the Bible preacher was warming up to his subject. A semicircle was asking, "Where is your God?" There was a hubbub. Raju sidled up to the Green Blazer. The purse with the balloon tucked into it was in his palm. He'd slip it back into the other's side pocket.

Raju realized his mistake in a moment. The Green Blazer caught hold of his arm and cried "Pickpocket!" The hecklers lost interest in the Bible and turned their attention to Raju, who tried to look appropriately outraged. He cried, "Let me go!" The other, without giving a clue to his intention, shot out his arm and hit him on the cheek. It almost blinded him. For a fraction of a second Raju lost his awareness of where and even who he was. When the dark mists lifted and he was able to regain his vision, the first figure he noticed in the foreground was the Green Blazer, looming, as it seemed, over the whole landscape. His arms were raised ready to strike again. Raju cowered at the sight. He said "I . . . I was trying to put back your purse." The other gritted his teeth in fiendish merriment and crushed the bones of his arm. The crowd roared with laughter and badgered him. Somebody hit him again on the head.

EVEN before the magistrate, Raju kept saying, "I was only trying to put back the purse." And everyone laughed. It became a stock joke in the police world. Raju's wife came to see him in jail and said, "You have brought shame on us," and wept.

"Why?" Raju replied indignantly. "I was only trying to put it back."

He served his term of eighteen months and came back into the world, not quite decided what he should do with himself. He told himself: "If ever I pick up something again, I shall make sure I don't have to put it back." For now he believed God had gifted the likes of him with only one-way deftness. Those fingers were not meant to put anything back.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 53

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A.
166 34 91 125 218 56 22 8 109 113
A mountainous district in Pakistan, in North-West Frontier Province.

B.
190 79 26 101
A point of departure. (1,3) (Lat.)

C.
119 85 176 135
A part of what was French Indo-China.

D.
16 40 145 172 208
A kind of rum from the lower grades of molasses.

E.
4 99 192 147 121 48 81 137 204 168
Capital of the Acrostician's bailiwick. (4,6)

F.
54 60 220 194 143 42 To stow again.

G.
174 133 184 212 127 18
The state of being in a definite place.

H.
105 224 196 149 115 58
A German chemist (1803-73).

I.
107 20 6 202 One of the four humors.

J.
198 139 12 222 206 117 50
One of a number of long narrow flexible pieces of timber fastened to the ribs of a ship from stem to stern to keep them temporarily in position.

K.
103 44 89 10 93 123 141
"Thus Belial with words clothed in reason's garb Counselled _____ease ... " Milton, "Paradise Lost."

L.
129 178 97 52 210 182 2
A soft whitish rock made up of fragments of marine shells and coral.

M.
30 186 170 111 214 87 36 77
A line of verse having six metrical feet.

N.
180 46 24 216 32 200 28 83 14
Said of municipal bonds, for instance. (3,6)

1	2 L	3	4 E	5	6 I	7	8 A	9	10 K	11	12 J	13	14 N	15
16 D	■	18 G	■	20 I	■	22 A	■	24 N	■	26 B	■	28 N	■	30 M
31	32 N	33	34 A	35	36 M	37	■	39	40 D	41	42 F	43	44 K	45
46 N	■	48 E	■	50 J	■	52 L	■	54 F	■	56 A	■	58 H	■	60 F
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	■	69	70	71	72	73	74	75
■	77 M	■	79 B	■	81 E	■	83 N	■	85 C	■	87 M	■	89 K	■
91 A	92	93 K	94	■	96	97 L	98	99 E	100	101 B	102	103 K	104	105 H
■	107 I	■	109 A	■	111 M	■	113 A	■	115 H	■	117 J	■	119 C	■
121 E	122	123 K	124	125 A	126	127 G	128	129 L	130	■	132	133 G	134	135 C
■	137 E	■	139 J	■	141 K	■	143 F	■	145 D	■	147 E	■	149 H	■
151	152	153	154	155	156	157	■	159	160	161	162	163	164	165
166 A	■	168 E	■	170 M	■	172 D	■	174 G	■	176 C	■	178 L	■	180 N
181	182 L	183	184 G	185	186 M	187	■	189	190 B	191	192 E	193	194 F	195
196 H	■	198 J	■	200 N	■	202 I	■	204 E	■	206 J	■	208 D	■	210 L
211	212 G	213	214 M	215	216 N	217	218 A	219	220 F	221	222 J	223	224 H	225

Across

1. It is late to blister paths through the heavens. (9,6)
31. Develops a sad pen ten times over.
39. Let the Panzer weapon grow old when you find the filling fee.
61. There are the gems, see? Carry the word.
69. With cash, the ape is not dearer. (2,5)
91. You will find the bull in a breeze but also in india.
96. One kind of 1 across, and a hot one at that.
121. I'll sit in cabs till they figure out how the trajectories work.
132. Twice in France I found this bird.
151. Trombones and pitches.
159. Joint lubrication is found in fantasy, no viable state.
181. Lured by a half score of dice.
189. Castaways? Aw, no. How to get rid of tabby. (3,4)
211. How the Acrostician might characterize his bailiwick. (7,8)

Down

1. How to cook meats.
3. Roman and Gothic examples are pesty.
5. Aladdin drops the commercial and the girl is left.
7. Let the point emerge.
9. The taxer is spare.
11. There's ruin for many in such writing.
13. In this game I see what isn't there.
15. Kind of skin appropriately worn by a wolf at a graduation?
62. What a cockney serves for a drink? I cry, it is said.
64. There's a pound in a squid or a pound for Sal, but it's filthy.
66. Whether anyone agrees or not, he's a Mexican of the Old West. (Slang)
70. To answer the requirements here, settle in full.
72. Hot iron may be found in this volcanic mound.
74. Desideratum for a criminal is banal twice over. (2,5)
83. Break a cup in a Roman war.
151. Take all the cards at pool.
153. The beginning of the Latin trope.
155. Stand out among complex celebrities.
157. Chooses the flanks.
159. The use is for Eddie Cantor's girl friend in song.
161. A liqueur with which to annoy autocrats.
163. Volcano? No, no! Spoken.
165. Greek found upstairs.

©1962 by the Reporter Magazine Company

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Liner, She Was a Lady

NOEL MOSTERT

THE BLUE RIBAND is a memory. Not even the new *France* is going to try to win this traditional badge of supremacy among the Atlantic passenger liners. Eventually, perhaps, it will be hers by default, because she will have a lonely old age—we can't pretend that we'll see another super express giant like her, truly great. The air has been a ruthless competitor on the North Atlantic, and the working career of the giant passenger liner to all intents and purposes is over. Even Cunard refuses to replace the *Queen Mary*.

More modest passenger liners will be with us for a long time yet, but they stay on suffrance: the whim of enameled prosperity. Their variety is diminished and their function gone. They have no duties. The ship is entirely for pleasure, not for transport. Its future lies in the holiday cruise.

FOR SENTIMENTALISTS such as myself it is hard to accept all this. Too many of our personal memories are locked in ships. It has always been a comfort on dark days, or merely gloomy ones, to pick up a transatlantic shipping schedule and spend a few minutes with its pleasantly evocative arithmetic; nice to know that at that very moment the sunlight probably was sliding leisurely to and fro across that deep leather chair in your favorite smoking-room corner of the *Franconia* or the *Samaria* or one of the other slow ones on which you used to do your best reading—sliding as it had for summers and summers and summers.

There are still people who measure time by when they crossed in this ship or that; the old *Mauretania* or the new, the *Paris* or the *Flandre*. "What are you going on?" has been a set question of our time, implicit in it one's own discrimination in the matter, the hint of experience as well as snobbery. There was, for instance, a world of privilege between the *Tuscania* and the *Queen Mary*, the *Saturnia* and the *Rex*. But one could always plead that the small ones rode easier than the big ones.

Some ships had it socially over others regardless of size and renown. A Boston dowager would, for instance, be expected to book on the *Aquitania* instead of the *Queen Mary;* the older Broadway generation, established novelists, and possibly the men from the *Times* and the Paris *Trib* might prefer the *Ile de France,* while Beaverbrook and Hearst journalists, Louis B. Mayer, and Hedy Lamarr would be found on the *Normandie*. So it went. People took the same cabin on the same ship year after year, the way they may still take the same room at the Plaza.

There were ships that belonged to yet another category. They were neither social nor grand. They simply had their own personality, a certain character and mood. They had their own public, and this cut across all classes and groups. The *De Grasse*, the *Franconia*, the *Columbus*, the *Empress of Australia*, the *Gripsholm*, the *Reliance*, the *Statendam*, the *Kungsholm*. One experienced in them more than in any of the others a sense of the variety of ships. This the big ones could never give. There was a peculiar flavor to them, of paint and polish and foreign hair lotions, as well as a mystery of period and of intimacy. Nowhere else did one feel so contentedly removed. Under skylights of painted glass and their molded ceilings, under the rhythmic fronds of their Palm Courts, one sat with the possibility of bizarre encounter and an uncertainty whether the time was the past or the present.

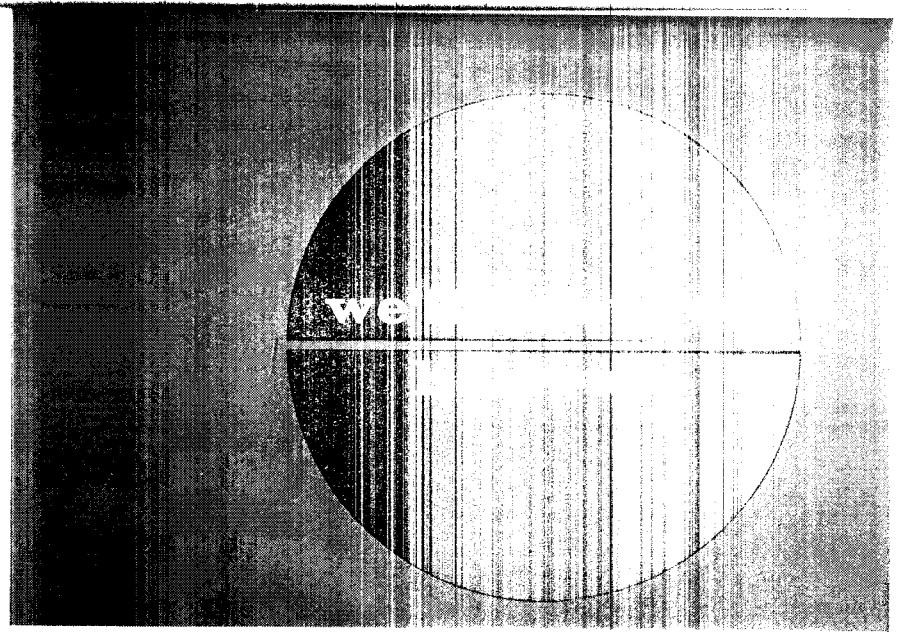
Only two of these ships have survived, both former Swedes; the Home Lines *Italia,* which was the old *Kungsholm,* and the North German Lloyd *Berlin,* which used to be the *Gripsholm*. They are ships for the sentimental connoisseur, the *Italia* especially; paneled, full of odd corners, a pillared Pompeiian swimming pool and staircase in the grand manner. The *Berlin* touches my imagination with something additional: I remember her from the war when she was used to repatriate civilians from German and Japanese camps. She was one of the few ships to continue sailing in full peacetime rig. Her portholes and decks blazed their light freely at night. How can one describe the terrible loneliness and futility and longing felt when one stood on the deck of a gray, blacked-out, and austerity-cloaked transport, watching a ship like this come over the horizon? Out of utter and seemingly limitless darkness the cluster of lights would appear and grow and somehow the word would spread below in the fetid troop decks. Against orders, thirsting for a brief contact with that forgotten world of peace and light, men would come up and lean against the rail, watching.

THE PASSENGER LINER WAS, SO TO speak, a British institution. Others merely expanded British ingenuity and grafted to it their own characteristics. The liner was the culmination of centuries of development of sea transport, and its ascendancy also represented the zenith of western power and expansion. Out in the P & O suites went the imperial viceroys, the civil servants and administrators. Back came subject maharajahs and emirs, and in third class the student Nehrus, Menons, and Sukarnos. "The liner she's a lady," Kipling said, ". . . and the man o'war's 'er 'usband." A prewar transit of the Suez Canal showed exactly what he meant.

All the imperial routes met in the canal, and it was a gorgeous intimidating procession that lorded its way in and out. The ships were like floating feudal castles, the Far East ones usually white, and each nationality smelled different: the British of curry, the French of garlic, and the Dutch of coconut oil.

The Dutch liners piled promenade decks one atop another, and with their yellow funnels and cream sides they looked like birthday cakes. In-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



By offering you THE REPORTER at half price only $2.50 for 20 issues

We're meeting you halfway in price only, because there's nothing halfway about what you'll find in The Reporter. For only $2.50, you'll get twenty issues of what Senator J. W. Fulbright called "not only adult journalism, but unadulterated journalism."

Beside bringing you all the news that really matters, The Reporter brings it to you first. In the last few years

You could have read these famous "FIRSTS" only in The Reporter

- the first full report on radioactive fallout in the U.S.
- the first full analysis of newsmen's influence on government—and vice-versa
- the first full study of Jimmy Hoffa and his Teamsters, before the Senate investigation
- the first full report of public-relations manipulations of government
- the first full story of wiretapping in government and business
- the first full investigation of the uses and abuses of the lie-detector in government
- the first reports of revolutionary unrest in Hungary and Poland — a month before the uprisings
- the first publication in English—three long excerpts—of "Doctor Zhivago"
- the first comprehensive analysis of Khrushchev's visit to the U.S.

Less than a penny a day

. . . is all it costs you to become a regular Reporter reader with this special half-price offer:

Only $2.50 for 20 issues (40 weeks)

You can take advantage of this half-price offer to introduce your friends to The Reporter too. Charge the subscriptions if you like—we'll be glad to bill you later.

Your subscription—or your friends'—will begin as soon as we receive your order. So to enjoy The Reporter regularly at half price, mail the reply card opposite now.

THE REPORTER

660 Madison Avenue
New York 21, New York

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

side, their chambers were cool and high and exuded a fragrance of Oriental woods. There were chairs inlaid with silver that you couldn't even pick up, they were so heavy. The people on board looked fat and pink and irritable. On the French and Portuguese liners everyone looked dark and indolent, contented; their ships seemed to drift untended. Their interiors were even cooler and darker than the Dutch, and no piece of wood or paneling appeared uncarved, as though the ship itself were something capriciously though finely hewn from solid mahogany and plated on the outside with steel.

The vessel I remember best of all was Portuguese, the *Mouzinho*, with a Victorian-rococo interior, utterly vulgar, all plush and gold curlicues, tasseled hangings, vast portraits of unknown heroes, and chandeliers. I have always considered the Portuguese a people of great aplomb or courage, because it must have required one or the other or both to sit through a Biscay gale or monsoon head sea with those masses of crystal describing their tinkling, glittering arcs overhead.

There was nothing cool and dark about the British ships. There was an air of condescension toward these vessels of other empires, an implication of makeshift in their imperial doings. An insufferable, waxen politeness was worn, even in 110-degree heat: we had to sit up straight, sip our tea in small swallows, and listen dumbly to the ship's orchestra fugitive through Ketelby's "In a Monastery Garden." Only a passing warship could shake these tableaux, and even then one had to rise and go to the rail without an outward show of haste or excitement. Male passengers stood to attention and sometimes their wives were the regulation half a pace behind, arms stiffly at their sides, chins up.

THE WESTERN OCEAN, of course, maintained less rigid protocols. It was always gregarious. The passenger lines here were the essential communication between the industrial ascendancy of America and the settling patterns of nineteenth-century Europe. They managed the rapprochement between the new and the old. They brought the reunion of the American and the European imagination and provided the most significant interchange of our time: population for the young continents, soldiers for the old. They brought over Charles Dickens and Oscar Wilde, and took back Stephen Crane, Mark Twain, and Buffalo Bill. The big ships eventually emerged as the epitome of glamor for the period between the wars, anybody's share of a Fitzgeraldian internationalism.

Dickens crossed in the first mail ship, Samuel Cunard's *Britannia*, in 1842, and described his arrival on board thus: "Before descending into the bowels of the ship, we had passed from the deck into a long, narrow apartment not unlike a hearse with windows in the sides; having at the upper end a melancholy stove at which three or four chilly stewards were warming their hands; while on either side, extending down its whole dreary length, was a long, long table over which a rack, fixed to the low roof and stuck full of drinking glasses and cruet stands, hinted dismally at rolling seas and heavy weather." Nearly a century later Beatrice Lillie, casting about at the Lalique-encrusted splendor of the *Normandie's* three-hundred-foot-long main restaurant, inquired innocently of the captain: "When does this place get to Southampton?"

The *Normandie* represented the fullest flower of steamship design. To my mind she remains, and will remain, unequaled. There are vast mechanical improvements in the new *France*, but in profile she seems to me in fact less modern and far less exciting than her predecessor, whose design, remember, began almost forty years ago. The *Normandie's* interior spaciousness had no parallel on land or sea. Other ships had renowned chambers—the *Conte di Savoia's* baroque Colonna Hall was surely the most sumptuous room created for a ship—but none offered so unified an artistic effort, nor such a sweep of great chambers: standing at the top of the grand staircase on the boat deck, one could gaze down and forward through almost half the ship's length, a succession of high and magnificent salons.

IT IS ASTONISHING when regarding the passenger liner thus, as one of the most notable achitectural and engineering creations of the century and one of the main exercises for its decorative arts, to realize that no example will survive to posterity. No other age has built and dismantled, or destroyed in war, so many palaces. Only models and pictures will give some idea of how they looked—although I conceive of the *Andrea Doria* being rediscovered some hundreds of years hence after the emergence from the nuclear dark ages and being refloated with triumph and given full restoration as a window on that mythical mid-twentieth-century era of opulence. People will look at her abstract murals, sit in her chairs, even examine the foods from her refrigerators as the Swedes do with that three-hundred-year-old warship they raised near Stockholm. And I also conceive them regarding us with great envy, wistfully reflecting upon the opportunities of a time that allowed any man so simple an access to splendor.

Club Rules

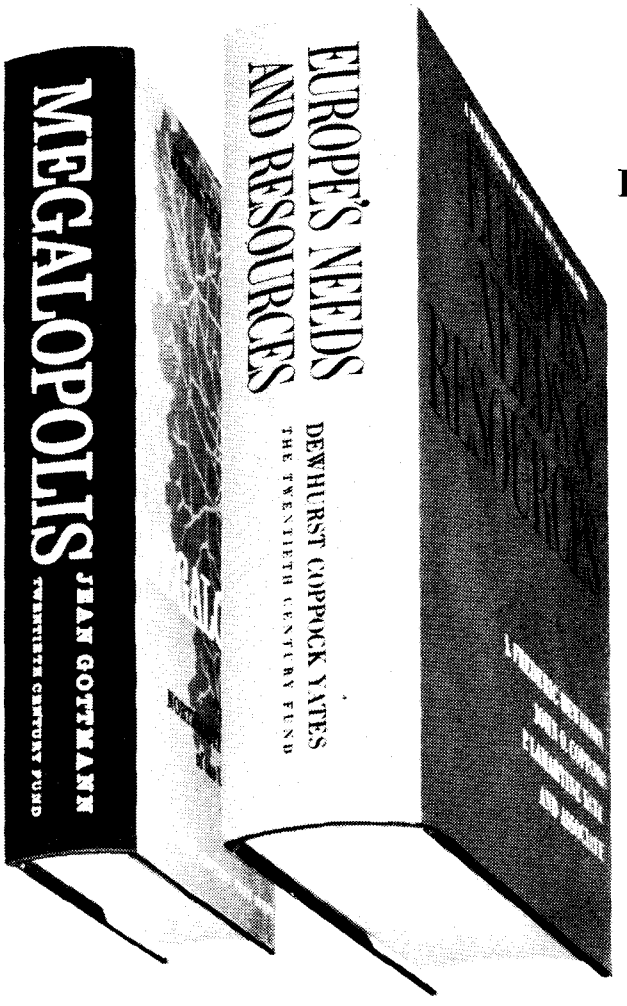
NAT HENTOFF

IT HAS long been an article of proselytizing faith for writers on jazz to declare that listening to records cannot begin to compare with the impact of jazz seen as well as heard. The jazz clubs, to be sure, are often run by spiritual descendants of Captain Hook and are as comfortable as an eighteenth-century stagecoach, but it is there, we have been saying, that the heart of jazz is to be found.

The trouble with this plausible dictum is that in recent years the segment of jazz available in the clubs has become narrower and narrower, so that a listener whose interest and curiosity is not limited to currently fashionable combos would be wiser to stay home, pour his own drinks,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two landmark studies from THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND



"This encyclopedic study, five years in the making, could hardly be more timely."—EDWARD POSNIAK, *The Reporter*

EUROPE'S NEEDS AND RESOURCES

By J. FREDERIC DEWHURST, JOHN O. COPPOCK, P. LAMARTINE YATES and associates

"Definitive study of Europe's post-war economic history and its prospects ahead to 1970. . . . The treatment is exhaustive, extending to all the major branches of industry and society. *Europe's Needs and Resources* is a gold mine for market researchers. Anyone trying to plan ahead for trade with Europe or production inside its markets will find all the pertinent facts on buying patterns, and actual consumption forecasts for a host of heavy industry products and consumers' goods. It is a 'must' item for economists and businessmen alike."—JAN HASBROUCK, *N. Y. Herald Tribune European Edition*

"The most comprehensive survey of the economic potentials of the region ever made."—*Christian Science Monitor*

"A mass of basic economic facts on Europe and projections of future growth . . . invaluable to firms going into Europe."—*Kiplinger Washington Letter*. Maps and charts. 1198 pages. $12.00

A study in depth of a huge city region that has profound implications for business, government and the future of our society.

MEGALOPOLIS

The Urbanized Northeastern Seaboard of the United States

By Jean Gottmann

A meticulously documented and refreshingly optimistic analysis of the vast urbanized area stretching from north of Boston to south of Washington. "Dr. Gottmann has written his monumental survey in crystalline English . . . a book whose far-reaching implications are pointed directly into the future."—*Saturday Review Syndicate*

"Though Dr. Gottmann's main concern was to define what makes the area tick, his pages are crammed with statistics illustrating the unique character of the region."—*Business Week*

Profusely illustrated with maps and tables. 810 pages. $10.00

Unique plan brings you each new study as soon as released — to examine free.

The purpose of The Twentieth Century Fund, which as an endowed philanthropic foundation bears the entire cost of research, is to find out the facts about matters of current public importance and make them as widely available as possible. The Fund wishes its studies to reach the people who might make effective use of them. In order to do this the Fund offers you an opportunity to examine each new publication as it is issued under a "Standing Order Plan." This plan is intentionally generous toward the prospective purchaser. Many libraries, business firms and organizations, teachers, students and interested citizens take advantage of its liberal terms. Return the coupon below for full details of this time-and-money-saving method of keeping abreast of important new social and economic research. You will also find the coupon convenient for ordering EUROPE'S NEEDS AND RESOURCES and MEGALOPOLIS.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND
41 East 70 Street, New York 21, N. Y. R

Please send me the following research publications of the Twentieth Century Fund:

☐ EUROPE'S NEEDS AND RESOURCES ($12.00)
☐ MEGALOPOLIS ($10.00)

I enclose $____ ☐ Check ☐ Money-order

If I am not completely satisfied I may return the book(s) within ten days and you will refund my money.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **Zone** ____ **State** _____

☐ Please send me details of the time-and-money-saving "Standing Order Plan" with a descriptive catalog of available publications and a list of studies now being conducted by The Twentieth Century Fund.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rome: a summer afternoon. Strangely, there is great activity at the Opera House. Microphones hang everywhere. The RCA Victor engineers and crew run final tests on equipment. Metropolitan stars Leontyne Price, Jon Vickers, Robert Merrill and Giorgio Tozzi arrive. Rita Gorr, the Belgian mezzo-soprano joins them. Two weeks have already been spent rehearsing, recording, polishing, re-recording the opera, Aïda.

Today, there is a special excitement in the air. The orchestra is ready. Maestro Georg Solti raises his baton, and Miss Price begins the "O patria mia" aria. She is in glorious voice. Her beauty, her movements—everything about her suggests the captive princess. When the aria ends there is a moment of silence. Suddenly, a member of the Italian chorus shouts, "Leontyne Price è Aïda!" The chorus, the orchestra, the entire company join in. It is an ovation. Undeniably, Leontyne Price is Aïda.

Later, recording the Triumphal Scene, a triple chorus of 140 voices, augmented by specially imported Egyptian trumpets, all sounding through twelve recording channels, enhances the grandeur of Verdi's music. Perfection of sound alone makes this a thrilling recording. But the incomparable artistry of Leontyne Price lifts it to the ranks of the great operatic recordings of all time. Yours to enjoy always in Living Stereo and Monaural Hi-Fi.

LEONTYNE PRICE IS AIDA

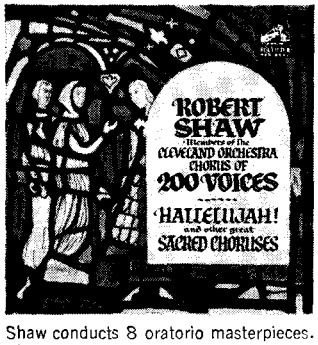
RCA VICTOR
RED SEAL RECORDS

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

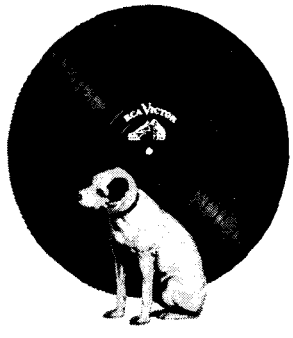
ENJOY SPECIAL SAVINGS ON EVERY L.P. IN THE ENTIRE RCA VICTOR CATALOG

These are "Once-A-Year Discount Days" on every L. P. in the entire RCA Victor catalog. (At participating dealers until April 15th.) Includes the brilliant new "Aïda" with Leontyne Price and these great new Red Seal vocal L. P. Records:

"Salute to Reiner—the Ninth of a lifetime." Claudia Cassidy, Chicago Tribune. Also a commanding Beethoven "First."



Shaw conducts 8 oratorio masterpieces. Works by Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Handel, others. Unique, new choral sound!



RCA VICTOR

The most trusted name in sound

Available in Living Stereo and Monaural Hi-Fi

and add to his record collection.

One of the more prominent examples of a jazzman involuntarily exiled from the nation's night life is Ornette Coleman (*Ornette!*, Atlantic 1378, stereo SD 1378). Coleman, a largely self-taught alto saxophonist and composer, has been developing a fiercely free musical language which ignores traditional harmonic guidelines and is melodically constructed from exclamatory, speechlike patterns and rhythms.

In sound and intensity, Coleman recalls such archaic blues singers as are represented in a new and valuable set of reissues of classic blues performances (*Really! The Country Blues*, Origin OJL-2, 39 Remsen Street, Apartment 1E, Brooklyn Heights, New York). But in his concern with expanding the scope of jazz improvisation, Coleman is part of an irrepressible international movement among musicians who are as impatient with what they consider to be present jazz limitations as were Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie with the symmetry of swing-era practices a quarter century ago.

ANOTHER PRECURSOR of a major area of the jazz to come is an alto saxophonist named Jimmy Woods. Like Coleman, he seldom works in jazz clubs, but he can be heard on a recent album by trumpeter Joe Gordon (*Lookin' Good*, Contemporary 3597, stereo 7597). Though Woods at first sounds somewhat more disciplined than Coleman, he too is given to startlingly unexpected intervals and evocative feral cries. Musicians of Coleman's and Woods' persuasion are searching for more than individual expansion. They are working toward a more intense degree of collective improvisation. As Woods puts it, "There are passages when it seems as if everything extraneous drops out, and all we can hear of each other is every man's feelings. Just the sound of emotion. I don't mean it's musical chaos, but you can get to where you can play almost anything within certain general limitations of rhythm and pitch, and it will work out because everybody has such a feeling of closeness."

Similarly, in London, members of Joe Harriott's quintet (*Free Form*, Jazzland 49, stereo 939) are striving with intermittent success for the same kind of flexible intimacy. Harriott, an alto saxophonist born in the West Indies, explains: "We make no use at all of bar lines, and there is no set harmony or series of chords, but there is an interplay of musical form and we usually keep a steady four-four beat going in the rhythm section, although that's going to change too. The more we play together, the more we sense what the next man is up to. While a soloist is playing, the rhythm can suggest a new or different line of attack—and the soloist can leave the line he has been pursuing and adopt the new one. Or conversely, the soloist can musically direct the rhythm to take up a new line *he* is exploring. In this way, any member of the group is free to utilize ideas stemming from any other member."

Shake Keane, a trumpeter in the Harriott unit, adds: "When you're playing, you're listening, not to the chords as in conventional jazz, but to each specific player—and you have to *know* that man, and how he's feeling on the particular night and that particular moment in the set, to try and feel how he is likely to behave. Sometimes you feel in a rebellious mood, and you might try deliberately to upset the others. If you feel beastly, you might jump in and try to force the mood your way, but if you're feeling more civilized, you try to induce co-operation from the others, and win them over to your mood."

OF COURSE it has always been necessary in jazz for each player to remain reasonably alert to what his colleagues are doing, but this new elasticity of mood has brought about increased unpredictability and a more complexly shifting range of emotions than have been usual in most jazz up to now. A particularly varied series of illustrations of the multiple directions that can be explored in this manner is *New Ideas* by the Don Ellis quintet (Prestige, New Jazz 8257). Ellis does work in clubs occasionally, but the owners do not usually allow him nearly as much license for his more venturesome ideas as do recording directors. In *New Ideas*, some of the pieces are based on chord progressions, several of them distinctly unconven-

REPRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional, but other numbers are constructed from just an "emotional framework." One of them, for instance, is entitled "Despair of Hope."

Ellis and his colleagues in provocative new ideas are all trained in classical music as well as jazz, but they have acquired these added techniques in order to be less restricted in their jazz ruminations. Ellis has no patience with the assertion by jazz romanticists that a man's "natural" talent will become inhibited if he acquires too much schooling. "Nonsense," says Ellis. "The more technique and knowledge we have, the more choices are open to us in our improvising. The less limited we are, the 'freer' we can become."

Most members of this new cadre, and I have cited only a few, are not interested in affixing extramusical connotations to their work. Their music seldom has a social "message." It is meant to exist on its own terms. A few weeks ago, two jazz musicians were invited to participate in a New York symposium under the auspices of the United Lutheran Church in America. A minister asked them to explain the sociological meaning of their music. What, for example, were they protesting?

"I'm not trying to make *that* kind of speech when I play," answered Bill Crow, a comparatively conservative bass player. "Look, it's like a conversation. Sometimes the conversation is pleasant and at other times it may be hostile. It depends on how I feel at the moment and on the kind of day the other guys have had. Don't try to read more into jazz than is there. Just listen to it and react according to how *you* feel. That's about all we can do for you—and for ourselves."

MORE AND MORE of the conversations in jazz are breaking into new textural, rhythmic, and emotional grounds; but until club owners and concert promoters gather the moderate courage to let these musical neologists converse in public, their mutually self-revealing exchanges can be most widely tested on phonograph records. And if you play an instrument or sing, the hospitable obliteration of many of the usual ground rules may well encourage you to join the discourse.

BOOKS

The Two Frosts

M. L. ROSENTHAL

IN THE CLEARING, by Robert Frost. *Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $4.*

Everyone knows there are at least two Robert Frosts. Each of them does some talking in the new book. One of them is a natural, sometimes broodingly bitter or fearful lyric poet and storyteller. He has a fine ear for traditional English metric and combines it beautifully with the tones of native American speech. This, most of us would say, is the "real" Frost. His home is in rural New England, his spirit shy and elusive. It may be true that he became eighty-eight just a week or two ago, but he has always had the delighted eye and voice of ageless youth. He was forty when he published "The Pasture," which begins:

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I
may):
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.

He uses the third line of this stanza for his present epigraph, I think to suggest that he has now actually seen what he long ago set out to see, and that we readers have "come too" and seen it with him. How delicately accurate, and how absorbed in pure observation, he can still be we may discover from the opening poem of the new volume, "Pod of the Milkweed":

Its flowers' distilled honey is so sweet
It makes the butterflies intemperate.
There is no slumber in its juice for them.
One knocks another off from where he
clings.
They knock the dyestuff off each other's
wings—
With thirst on hunger to the point of lust.
They raise in their intemperance a cloud
Of mingled butterfly and flower dust
That hangs perceptibly above the scene.

Often this first, truest Robert Frost has the gloom of a great Russian writer. One of his early poems expresses the desire to disappear into a dark forest, "fearless of ever finding open land." Another presents him convincingly as one "acquainted with the night." And altogether, we are constantly surprised by what sad, grim poems he has planted in his books among the happier visions of "these flowery waters and these watery flowers" of spring and the humorous pictures of provincial life. Leaf through the *Collected Poems* (1949) and you will find a long series of forever memorable close-ups of grief, of neurotic agony, of irremediable suffering. Among American poets not even Robinson has matched

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the horror-filled awareness of woman's vulnerability in poems like "Home Burial," "The Lovely Shall Be Choosers," and "A Servant to Servants," to name only a few. Faulkner himself has not managed to show such vistas of grossness and pain as that last poem provides without any eccentricity or waste motion. Doubtless Frost is talking about more than a plant when he writes, in "Pod of the Milkweed" again:

And yes, although it is a flower that flows
With milk and honey, it is bitter milk,
As anyone who ever broke its stem
And dared to taste the wound a little knows.

Sometimes the feeling is not so much shock at the grotesque brutality that marks the common life as it is a deeply nostalgic and ambiguous melancholy. The extraordinary poem "Directive" in the 1947 volume *Steeple Bush* was of this order, a tracing back toward buried meanings in the traumatically destroyed and irrevocably eroded past. The little poem "Ends" in the new book, though very much slighter, is of this order in its impulse at least:

Loud talk in the overlighted house
That made us stumble past.
Oh, there had once been night the first,
But this was night the last.

Of all the things he might have said,
Sincere or insincere,
He never said she wasn't young,
And hadn't been his dear.

Oh, some as soon would throw it all
As throw a part away.
And some will say all sorts of things,
But some mean what they say.

This reminds me on the one hand of the deliberately sterile little marriage poems of the very contemporary Robert Creeley, not in form but in ultimate manner—the dry casting away of all sensational detail in a sort of minimal approach to catastrophe. And, in quite another way, it is like some late minor piece by Yeats, "Quarrel in Old Age," say, or one of his little but heartfelt political outbursts. It is poetry that doesn't give a damn about anything except to make an accurate, telling foray *toward* the truth. As ancient Hebraic lore hath it, "It is upon us to begin the work; it is not upon us to complete the work." Two other somewhat ambiguous poems, "The Draft Horse" and "Closed for Good" (reprinted from *Collected Poems* without its original opening and closing stanzas), add to the sadness of *In the Clearing* a note of dauntless acceptance of fatality. They are like the very touching, deliberately doggerel "Away!" in their valedictory tone, although "Away!" is altogether out in the open and ends with the cockiest of threats:

And I may return
If dissatisfied
With what I learn
From having died.

BUT THERE IS of course a second Robert Frost, and we hardly know what to do about *him*. He is the handsomely craggy-faced sage and official bard who was chosen to compose a poem for the inauguration of President Kennedy and whose birthday this year was celebrated at a formal affair sponsored by the Secretary of the Interior. For two decades now he has frequently donned this sage's mask and costume, as of a Good Grey Walt Whitman without beard or other taint, and treated us to verse-sermons on sundry topics: science, religion, socialism, capitalism, his own brand of twinkling-eyed pragmatic idealism right out of the cracker barrel, and almost anything else. Except in stray patches, it is as if when he begins sermonizing he loses all his poetic strength and capacity for self-irony and becomes merely the "smiling public man" Yeats once, but how wryly, called himself. Take two of the poems in the new volume, "For John F. Kennedy His Inauguration" and the even longer "Kitty Hawk." Both blandly affirm the technological values of American society today. The inaugural poem suggests as well that we are at the beginning of a new "Augustan" era of splendor and progress under the aegis of the Kennedy administration. Now we cannot reasonably say these are bad poems because of their ideas. On the contrary, we must all hope they prove themselves valid—and besides it is thrilling to see the "mad" absorption of certain great artists, in their later years, in transcendent ideas that so often prove saner than mean common sense can ever understand. But that is just the trouble. It is not "madness" but the descent into literal ordinariness, into Panglossian optimism, and—more to the point—into a style to go with them that makes the second Frost so dismayingly unreal:

Come fresh from an election like the last,
The greatest vote a people ever cast,
So close yet sure to be abided by,
It is no miracle our mood is high. . . .
There is a call to life a little sterner,
And braver for the earner, learner, yearner.
Less criticism of the field and court
And more preoccupation with the sport. . . .

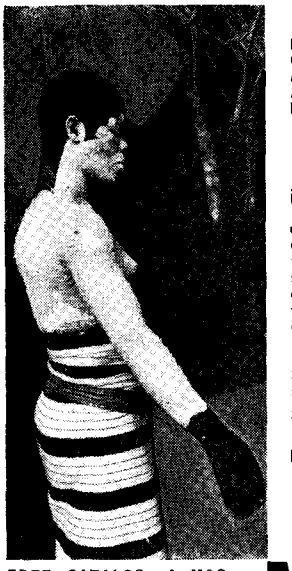
Where are we, anyway? Thinking of these unhappy matters and rather baffled by them—there is still so much of the "true" Frost with us too—I canot help remembering Kenneth Rexroth's somewhat melodramatic lament for the alienated American poets of Frost's generation:

What happened to Robinson,
Who used to stagger down Eighth Street,
Dizzy with solitary gin?
Where is Masters, who crouched in
His law office for ruinous decades?
Where is Leonard who thought he was
A locomotive? And Lindsay,
Wise as a dove, innocent
As a serpent, where is he?
Timor mortis conturbat me.

I do not know what it is that has made the difference among the present members of that great generation. Of them all, at least those still resident in this country, perhaps only William Carlos Williams and E. E. Cummings stand with the perpetual opposition. (Marianne Moore and Carl Sandburg liked Ike.) Say what you will against him, Mr. Cummings will never be anybody's official anything; and though somewhat more amenable, Dr. Williams will have to wait until the ideal anarcho-Bohemian-socialist-fraternitarian society of the future to march to the rostrum with his honor guard of loving young poets around him. But they have had a certain salutary neglect by comparison with Frost. They have not had to respond to a public at once interested in hearing them speak prophetically and less concerned with the content than with the air of their wisdom.

But I was going to say that Frost's case is more hopeful, and more complex, than all this may imply. Ac-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"a new kind of jazz!"
Buddy COLLETTE
Gerald WILSON
Marni NIXON
Al VIOLA
Red CALLENDAR, etc.

"POLYNESIA"
12 inch LP record, just discovered lyrics from ancient Polynesia and Japan, set to classic jazz, scored for flute, aboe, cello, horn, trumpet, tuba, guitar, drums, bass.

Send $3.98 only, stereo or mono: M&S Record Stores 129 E. Palm Lane Phoenix 4, Ariz. No COD's, *10 day return privilege.*

M&S discovery series by *mail only.*

FREE CATALOG of M&S discoveries: TRANS-EUROPA JAZZ; spoken: DUNCAN TRIAL, EVESDROPPING CRAZY RELIGIONS, etc. LP's: $3.98; tapes, $5.98.

M&S
MUSIC AND SOUND

...new discoveries in

"A FINE, MOVING... ARRESTING... AND TIMELY PLAY."—Taubman, Times

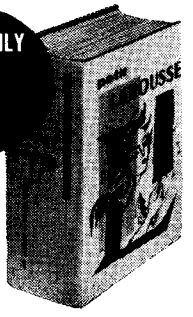
ERIC PORTMAN
GLADYS COOPER
ZIA MOHYEDDIN
IN A NEW PLAY
a passage to India
also starring
ANNE MEACHAM
by SANTHA RAMA RAU
from the novel by E. M. FORSTER

PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.05, 3.60, 2.90. Fri., Sat. Evgs.: $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.05, 3.60. Mats. Wed. and Sat.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90, 2.30. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope
AMBASSADOR THEA. 215 W. 49th St. N.Y. 19

THE BRAND NEW PETIT LAROUSSE 1962

The latest edition of the world-famous Petit Larousse—*hard cover*, 1814 pages, 70,000 articles, 5130 illustrations—can be *yours now for only $1.00* with membership in The French Book Guild. As a member, you'll be offered the newest French books each month—at amazingly low cost. Mail coupon to:

FOR ONLY $1



FRENCH BOOK GUILD, 1860 B'way, N.Y. 23, N.Y.
Please send me information regarding membership in The French Book Guild.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State____ R-3

tually, the "real" Frost is interested in "issues" of all kinds too, though always in small doses and at great intervals. When *he* speaks, he does not shrink so far within a sage-disguise that his own natural voice is lost. His voice is then irrepressible:

Forgive, O Lord, my little jokes on Thee
And I'll forgive Thy great big one on me.

That pops up in *In the Clearing.* It reminds me of a little poem in *Steeple Bush* that shows how capable our poet is of satire in the great tradition, the quick, spontaneous thought of a free mind with the twin gifts of wit and discipline. The poem is "U.S. 1946 King's X." It has the kick of personality and the ability to jeer at oneself lacking in the Kennedy poem:

Having invented a new Holocaust,
And been the first with it to win a war,
How they make haste to cry with fingers
crossed,
King's X—no fairs to use it any more!

In the Clearing, too, gives us the truly thoughtful little poem "Our Doom to Bloom," which stands out coolly against the more ponderous and characterless "wisdom" pieces. Asked for a right definition of Progress, the Cumaean Sibyl replies:

. . . if it's not a mere illusion
All there is to it is diffusion—
Of coats, oats, votes, to all mankind.
In the Surviving Book we find
That liberal, or conservative,
The state's one function is to give.
The bud must bloom till blowsy blown
Its petals loosen and are strown;
And that's a fate it can't evade
Unless 'twould rather wilt than fade.

The sadness of this poem is like that of Jeffers's "Shine, Perishing Republic," from which in fact its epigraph is taken. It contains a quiet but sobering recognition that a country like ours must lose its uniqueness as it helps other peoples advance; and it makes its point without too much expansiveness and, finally, through a most appropriate figure. If we look back over Frost's work we shall find that his social and political comments are always best made in this way, for instance the thoughts on war in "Snow," "To E.T.," "The Bonfire," and "Not to Keep," or the thoughts on organized society and its economics in "A Lone Striker." In the long run we shall not be terribly troubled by the second, or false, Frost and the almost innocent garrulity with which he too often beguiles himself and his trusting public. We shall mostly forget the work of that sort, and move among the frightening depths and bright or shadowed surfaces of his characterizations and impressions of places and of significant moments. What we shall remember most, very likely, is his intense repossession of psychological states, whether the near-nightmare richness of "After Apple-Picking," the deep, drowsy acceptance of weakness and death's nearness in "An Old Man's Winter Night," the hilarious though grisly matter-of-factness of "The Witch of Coös," or the coarse and savage erotic strangeness of "The Pauper Witch of Grafton." And the music!—

Ah, when to the heart of man
Was it ever more than a treason
To go with the drift of things,
To yield with a grace to reason,
And bow and accept the end
Of a love or a season?

A Spring In the Forest

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

A LONG AND HAPPY LIFE, by Reynolds Price. *Atheneum. $3.95.*

This is a book that close friends might perhaps be able to talk to each other about without harming it, but there would not be too much talking, for the thoughts it arouses—a man's memories or a woman's—are too intimate for comment or exchange, too close to joy or shame, too involved with the only achievement that counts, the attainment of love, too concerned with the only failure that matters, the inability to be generous. There would be little talk, and the words would be spoken quietly, as people speak when they are walking in a forest and there are quite considerable periods of silence. That is indeed the way in which the laughter and the pain in this novel come through, clear and tangible but as if canopied by the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
QUAKER READER

"The author has skillfully selected from a wide range of materials and has included some excellent and unsuspected sources."—HENRY J. CADBURY.

Miss West's introduction is a history of Quakerism as well as an interpretation of its beliefs. $6.95

Selected and Introduced by
JESSAMYN WEST
author of *The Friendly Persuasion*

"The stories—private, utterly leisured—are like charades played by angels—albeit rather sardonic ones."
—DAVID HUGHES, *London Times*

Of these 14 stories several have appeared in *The New Yorker*.
$3.75

A Spirit Rises

STORIES BY
Sylvia Townsend Warner

"Lively and sympathetic.
The brief text is brilliantly supported by the illustrations, which are numerous, mostly well-chosen, and beautifully reproduced."—EDGAR JOHNSON, *N.Y. Times*
"Conveys a full sense of the tumultuous life, the incredibly rich output, of a man who wrote as naturally as he breathed."
—JOHN K. HUTCHENS, *N.Y. Herald Tribune Illustrated* $6.50

Charles Dickens

A Pictorial Biography
by J. B. PRIESTLEY

The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence

IN TWO VOLUMES

The definitive collection of 1200 letters, largely hitherto unpublished or uncollected. "These letters are so vividly alive and are so accurate a self-portrait of this truly extraordinary and complex personality, with his ups and downs, his loves and hates, the beautiful 'light' side and the repulsive (his own word) 'dark' side."
—RICHARD ALDINGTON, *Saturday Review*
2 volumes, boxed $17.50

Edited by HARRY T. MOORE

THE VIKING PRESS

A guide to the successful overthrow of government

THE
CONSPIRATORS

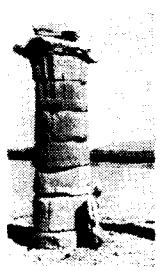
A Study of the Coup d'Etat
by Major D. J. Goodspeed

"Merely as condensed popular history, his book is lively and interesting. And its cold-blooded insights into the techniques of political conspiracy and of murders for reasons of state are provocative of thought."—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N.Y. Times*
Illustrated $5.00

"Entertaining and scholarly, fascinating to the lay reader."
—LEONARD COTTRELL, *N. Y. Times*

HIGH DAM OVER NUBIA

by LESLIE GREENER



"A last look at the ancient heart of Nubia, with its wealth of Pharaonic, Roman, and early Christian archaeological treasures, before it vanishes forever."
—*The New Yorker*
32 pages of photographs; maps. $6.00

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CASSELL'S
the foremost name in foreign language dictionaries
FRENCH SPANISH
ITALIAN GERMAN
LATIN
FRENCH • $5.00, INDEXED • $5.75
OTHERS • $7.00, INDEXED • $7.75
NOTE! After May 1, 1962 prices of all Cassell's foreign-language dictionaries will be $7.50, Indexed $8.50
at all bookstores
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, INC.
360 Lexington Avenue, New York 17

Read
and watch
your
world grow
National Library Week
April 8-14

Facing An Urgent Matter
THE REAL MEANING
OF COMMUNISM
AS A CHALLENGE
TO AMERICAN PROTESTANTISM
by Ellis H. Dana
Executive Vice-President
Wisconsin Council of Churches
A NEW STUDY with TIMELY ANSWERS
A 50-page booklet; copies at 50¢ each plus postage
please write the author at his residence:
1001 Seminole Highway, Madison 5, Wisconsin

"JACK, Bobby, Pat, Sargent, Ethel, Jackie, Caroline and now Teddy. Mr. Edward M. Kennedy is a candidate for the United States Senate from Massachusetts. He is 30 years old, has a year's experience in a minor position in the state government, spent some time last summer traveling through Latin America as a sort of unofficial Something or Other. He is a brother of the President. He is a brother of the President. He is a brother . . ."

From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. P-3, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N.Y., for free copy.

arched trees of a forest, with any cry of pain or any burst of laughter subordinate to the sound of rustling leaves, to the sound of spring water entering a forest pool. To talk about it that way would leave the discretion, the tenderness, the wisdom of this book untroubled.

Someone might say he came from North Carolina, too, and that is how it really was on back roads in summer: "The road narrowed as it went till it was only wide enough for one thing going one way—a car or a truck or a mule and wagon—and it being July, whatever passed, even the smallest foot, ground more dirt to dust that rose several times every hour of the day and occasionally—invisibly—at night and lingered awhile and at sunset hung like fog and if there was no breeze, settled back on whatever there was to receive it . . ."

Or someone would say do you remember Rosacoke when she went alone to represent "the white friends" at the Negro servant girl's funeral: "'Miss Rosacoke, will you kindly view the body?' . . . They had laid Mildred in a pink nightgown that tied at the throat and had belonged to the lady she cooked for, but she had shrunk to nothing this last week as if her life was so much weight, and the gown was half empty . . ." Mildred was dead in childbirth with no father to give his name to her child, and it was with Mildred that Rosacoke had first watched the deer cross the dusty road leading his does into the woods to drink at the spring.

Mildred's name would be enough to tell all that is needed of the story which begins at that funeral. "It was 'Precious Name, Show Me Your Face' and it was Jesus they were singing to—meaning it, looking up at the roof to hornets' nests and spiders as if it might all roll away and show them what they asked to see." But Rosacoke looked out the church window at Wesley, wanting him to stop wiping the dust off his brand-new motorcycle, wanting him to come into the church so that she would not be alone, wanting him to stay with her always so that she would not be alone, wanting, hoping, with her desire endlessly refused, that ". . . he would change some day before it was too late and come home and calm down and learn how to talk to me and maybe even listen, and we would have a long life together—him and me—and be happy sometimes and get us children that would look like him and have his name and answer when we called."

But then it would be good to hear someone say that it's not just that she wanted him, not that at all; this story is not just about a girl wanting happiness. It is about a girl who sees beyond happiness, who will make the bold leap from the happiness of receiving to the joy of giving, who will accept the selflessness which alone creates the enduring self. It is fitting that she discovers this all-surpassing love during the Christmas pageant in the Delight Baptist Church, sitting there as the Virgin Mary. She holds the Child, Macey Cupton's ugly child, in her lap, and within her she bears the child that is "her secret and then her hate," while the shepherds and the kings advance in procession singing the simple words of another story.

Seventh Crisis

DOUGLASS CATER

SIX CRISES, by Richard M. Nixon. *Doubleday. $5.95.*

It was President Kennedy, the author reveals in his preface, who advised him that every public man should write a book "because it tends to elevate him in popular esteem to the respected status of an 'intellectual.'" Well, Bedell Smith once wrote about *Eisenhower's Six Great Decisions;* now we have Richard Nixon's *Six Crises.* Writing the book turned out to be the seventh major crisis of his life "and by far the most difficult from the standpoint of the mental discipline involved."

For a politician, it is a brisk, tightly constructed book, although the tone, which has the ring of authenticity, is embarrassingly egocentric. The six crises, all familiar to anyone who has followed Mr. Nixon's career, do not lose any of their dramatic impact in the retelling: the Hiss case, the Fund, the Eisenhower heart attack, the spitting episode in

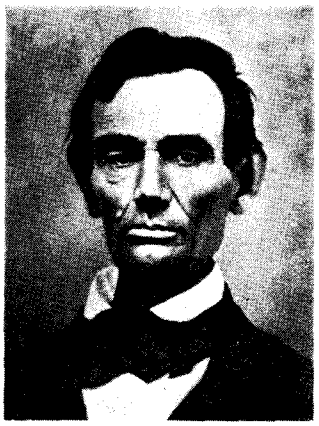
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Caracas, Khrushchev in the kitchen, and the 1960 campaign. They afford neat compartments into which Nixon the author manages to stuff the details of Nixon the politician's rise to world renown and then, by a fantastically narrow margin, his failure to win the Presidency. Using the crisis as a literary device permits Nixon to describe the way a leader thinks and acts during "challenge and tension . . . victory and defeat." One feels sometimes that this was meant to be a how-to book for succeeding generations of politicians.

But Mr. Nixon is not about to withdraw from practice to theory. On the final page he says, "For me, the evening of my life has not yet come," and, by way of proving it, he goes on at some length about his decision to become candidate for governor of California. As he makes quite clear, he has "drunk too deeply of the stuff which really makes life exciting and worth living to be satisfied with the froth."

Much of the book, of course, is recent history told as a highly partisan protagonist would like to have it recorded. Yet it is told with a great deal of restraint considering how differently some of the same episodes have been described elsewhere—and, indeed, by Mr. Nixon himself during the campaign. He is charitable to those who failed to see through Alger Hiss as quickly as did the freshman California congressman, only thirty-five years old at the time. Nor is Mr. Nixon excessively vindictive toward those who made an issue of his fund, which almost led to his removal as Vice-Presidential nominee in 1952. He duly records that in the opinion of some advisers his behavior in the Hiss case and the "Checkers" speech made him "controversial" and possibly contributed to his defeat in November, 1960. But he also notes philosophically that these two crises greatly contributed to make him a candidate for President.

In the recital of crises involving Eisenhower's illness as well as during the trips to Latin America and Russia, there is meticulous concern to record each emotion, each temptation to give way to anger, despair, or just plain fatigue. We are constantly shown the picture of the author refusing to yield to what he calls the



PRELUDE TO GREATNESS

LINCOLN IN THE 1850'S

by Don E. Fehrenbacher

This provocative book sharply challenges many commonly accepted views about such subjects as Lincoln's role in the founding of the Republican Party; the origins and purpose of Lincoln's House Divided speech; how the Lincoln-Douglas debates came to be held; the significance of the famous Freeport question; and Lincoln as a combination of radical and conservative. $4.75

At your bookstore

Stanford University Press

If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

He yearns to join the school club, buy personal books, clothing, go out for a soda with the other boys. But his parents are too poor to give him pocket money. And so Tommy wanders off by himself and dreams that someday he will have the money to do what his non-Indian schoolmates do.

if you love children

Make a dream come true! You, your school or group can make this dream come true for an Indian child like Tommy. Contribute $10 a month and provide one Indian youngster with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and enjoy a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters. Please give one Indian youngster an even break – and the sense of security and confidence he needs to join the mainstream of American life.

Save the Children Federation, the first international, non-sectarian welfare organization in the U. S., is registered with the U. S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid and is a member of the International Union For Child Welfare.

Serving Children for 30 Years

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $120.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐

Enclosed is my first payment:

$10.00 a month ☐ $ 60.00 semi-annually ☐

$30.00 a quarter ☐ $120.00 annually ☐

I cannot sponsor a child, enclosed is contribution of $_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Contributions are income tax deductible. RE 4-12-2

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

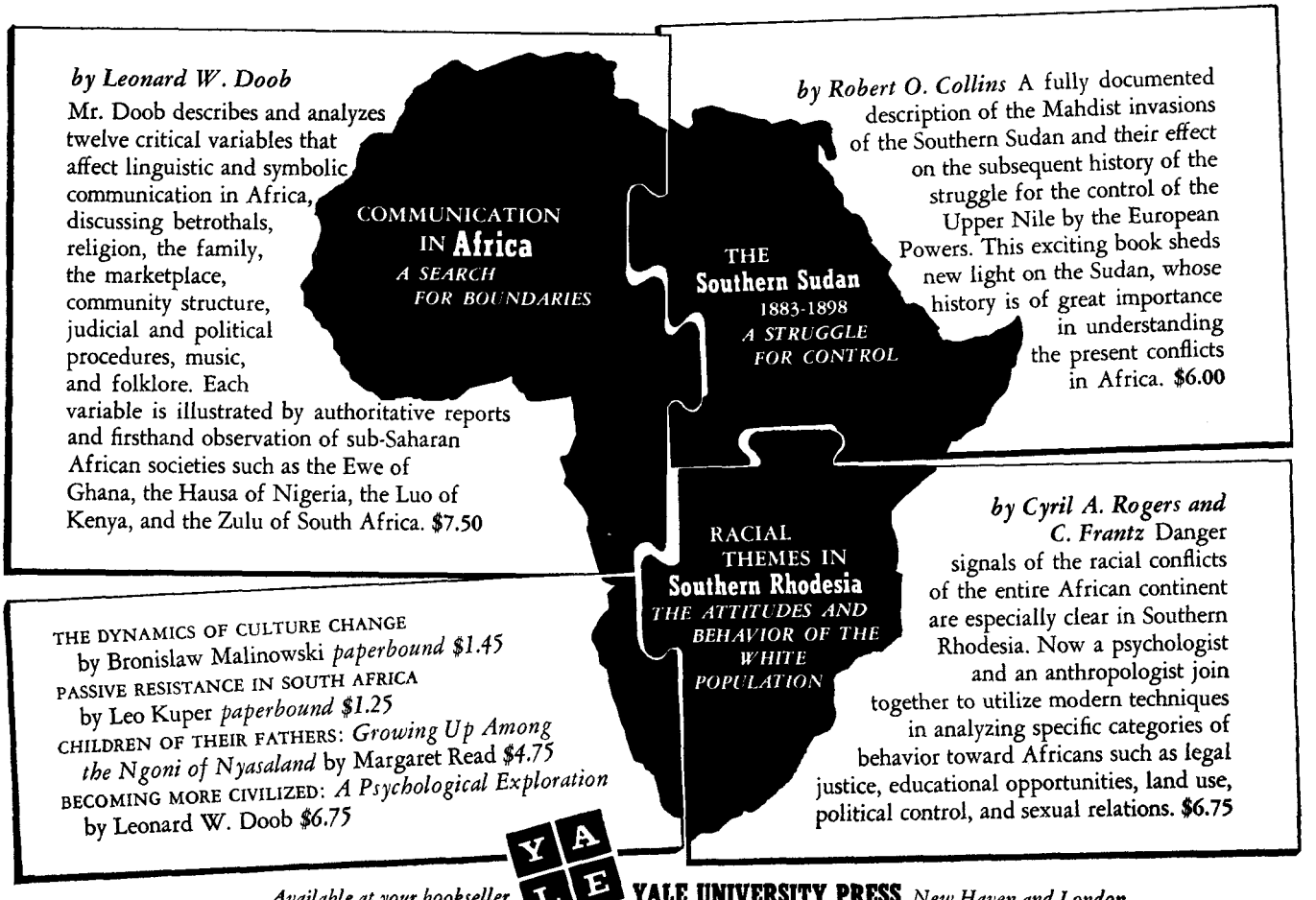
"crisis syndrome." And he never fails to record the approval of onlookers such as the Congressional Medal of Honor winner who after Caracas said that the Vice-President should really be wearing the ribbon.

In many ways, the book might serve as a legitimate campaign document for a still ambitious politician. But there is more to it than that. There is, for example, the not too thinly veiled account of the peculiar relationship that existed between Nixon and Eisenhower. Even now, Nixon seems puzzled by the rebuffs he received from the man who chose him as running mate. Only minutes before broadcast time in 1952, Dewey telephoned Nixon, obviously with Eisenhower's foreknowledge, to relay the consensus of the top command that Nixon should withdraw. In 1956 Eisenhower caused him "private agonizing" over whether he would be dumped as Vice-President. Even after the campaign began in 1960, the President answered facetiously a press-conference question about what major decisions Nixon had participated in. Eisenhower's retort, "If you give me a week, I might think of one," continued "to plague me the rest of the campaign." Though Nixon strives manfully to show equanimity in telling about these and numerous other crises involving fellow Republicans like Stassen, Rockefeller, and Sherman Adams, one gets the feeling that some bitterness remains. At one point he remarks of Alger Hiss: "[He] was learning what many people in politics had learned before him: those he thought were his best friends turned out to be the heaviest cross he had to bear."

Possibly for this very reason he shows no trace of bitterness toward Kennedy. Again Nixon meticulously explains all the difficulties of the 1960 campaign: how his heavy beard had projected badly on television, how Kennedy associates exploited the religious issue, how the White House, according to this version of the story, refused to instruct the Justice Department to look into Martin Luther King's arrest in Georgia ("Had the recommendation been adopted, the whole incident might have resulted in a plus rather than a minus as far as I was concerned").

Nixon claims that he got mad at his opponent only once. This was when he was told, mistakenly it has since turned out, that Kennedy had been briefed about the secret CIA mission to overthrow Castro before he publicly called for such a mission. Yet Nixon's response, even in the hindsight he provides, was a curiously disingenuous one. Claiming he had to protect the covert operation "at all costs," he condemned Kennedy's recommendation as "an open invitation for Mr. Khrushchev . . . to come into Latin America and to engage us in what would be a civil war and possibly even worse than that."

SELDOM has an American politician imposed so much self-analysis on the reading electorate. Possibly, as Nixon indicates over and over in the book, he has derived strength from all this introspection, through the detailed examination of the crisis syndrome and how it can be endured. But it may not be wise for a politician to make his inner life available for public inspection. As a people, we have traditionally preferred our leaders to be more discreet and restrained about revealing what they think of themselves.


COMMUNICATION IN Africa
A SEARCH FOR BOUNDARIES
THE Southern Sudan 1883-1898
A STRUGGLE FOR CONTROL
RACIAL THEMES IN Southern Rhodesia
THE ATTITUDES AND BEHAVIOR OF THE WHITE POPULATION

by Leonard W. Doob
Mr. Doob describes and analyzes twelve critical variables that affect linguistic and symbolic communication in Africa, discussing betrothals, religion, the family, the marketplace, community structure, judicial and political procedures, music, and folklore. Each variable is illustrated by authoritative reports and firsthand observation of sub-Saharan African societies such as the Ewe of Ghana, the Hausa of Nigeria, the Luo of Kenya, and the Zulu of South Africa. **$7.50**

by Robert O. Collins A fully documented description of the Mahdist invasions of the Southern Sudan and their effect on the subsequent history of the struggle for the control of the Upper Nile by the European Powers. This exciting book sheds new light on the Sudan, whose history is of great importance in understanding the present conflicts in Africa. **$6.00**

by Cyril A. Rogers and C. Frantz Danger signals of the racial conflicts of the entire African continent are especially clear in Southern Rhodesia. Now a psychologist and an anthropologist join together to utilize modern techniques in analyzing specific categories of behavior toward Africans such as legal justice, educational opportunities, land use, political control, and sexual relations. **$6.75**

THE DYNAMICS OF CULTURE CHANGE by Bronislaw Malinowski *paperbound* $1.45
PASSIVE RESISTANCE IN SOUTH AFRICA by Leo Kuper *paperbound* $1.25
CHILDREN OF THEIR FATHERS: *Growing Up Among the Ngoni of Nyasaland* by Margaret Read $4.75
BECOMING MORE CIVILIZED: *A Psychological Exploration* by Leonard W. Doob $6.75

Available at your bookseller **YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS** *New Haven and London*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Opera from LONDON RECORDS

Sutherland

Tebaldi

Nilsson

1/3rd off

Mono: Catalog Price $4.98 ea. **Special price $3.32 ea.**
Stereo: Catalog Price $5.98 ea. **Special price $3.99 ea.**

Buy direct
No club to join
Buy only what you want

Bolto: MEFISTOFELE
Siepi, Tebaldi, Del Monaco, Serafin
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

Bizet: CARMEN
Opera-Comique, Paris
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's)
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights

Cilea: ADRIANA LECOUVREUR
Tebaldi, Del Monaco, Simionato, Capuana
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐

Donizetti: ELISIR D'AMORE
Di Stefano, Gueden, Corena, Molinari-Pradelli
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

Donizetti: LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR
Sutherland, Cioni, Merrill, Pritchard
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐

Giordano: ANDREA CHENIER
Tebaldi, Del Monaco, Bastianini, Gavazzeni
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

Lehar: THE MERRY WIDOW
Gueden, Vienna State Opera, Stolz
☐ Mono $6.64 (2 LP's) Stereo $7.98 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

Mascagni: CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA
Simionato, Del Monaco, Mac Neil, Serafin
Leoncavallo: I PAGLIACCI
Del Monaco, Mac Neil, Molinari-Pradelli
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐

Massenet: MANON
Opera-Comique, Paris
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's)

Moussorgsky: BORIS GODOUNOV
National Opera, Belgrade
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's)

Mozart: COSI FAN TUTTE
della Casa, Dermota, Ludwig, Böhm
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

Mozart: DON GIOVANNI
Siepi, Corena, Dermota, Krips
☐ Mono $13.28 (4 LP's) Stereo $16.96 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

Mozart: THE MAGIC FLUTE
Simoneau, Gueden, Berry, Böhm
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

Mozart: THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO
Siepi, Corena, Gueden, Kleiber
☐ Mono $13.28 (4 LP's) Stereo $16.96 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

Offenbach: TALES OF HOFFMAN
Rounseville, Ayars, Beecham
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐

Ponchielli: LA GIOCONDA
Cerquetti, Simionato, Del Monaco, Gavazzeni
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

Puccini: LA BOHEME
Tebaldi, Bergonzi, Bastianini, Serafin
☐ Mono $6.64 (2 LP's) Stereo $7.98 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

Puccini: LA FANCIULLA DEL WEST
Tebaldi, Del Monaco, MacNeil, Capuana
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

Puccini: MADAMA BUTTERFLY
Tebaldi, Bergonzi, Serafin
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

Puccini: MANON LESCAUT
Tebaldi, Del Monaco, Molinari-Pradelli
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐

Puccini: TOSCA
Tebaldi, Del Monaco, London, Molinari-Pradelli
☐ Mono $6.64 (2 LP's) Stereo $7.98 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

Puccini: TURANDOT
Borkh, Tebaldi, Del Monaco, Erede
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

J. Strauss: DIE FLEDERMAUS—Gala
Gueden, Resnik, Karajan
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐

Verdi: AIDA
Tebaldi, Bergonzi, Simionato, Karajan
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

Verdi: IL TROVATORE
Tebaldi, Del Monaco, Simionato, Erede
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

Verdi: LA FORZA DEL DESTINO
Del Monaco, Tebaldi, Siepi, Molinari-Pradelli
☐ Mono $13.28 (4 LP's) Stereo $16.96 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

Verdi: LA TRAVIATA
Tebaldi, Poggi, Molinari-Pradelli
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐
☐ Mono $3.32 Highlights Stereo $3.99 ☐

Verdi: OTELLO
Del Monaco, Tebaldi, Protti, Karajan
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐

Verdi: UN BALLO IN MASCHERA
Nilsson, Bergonzi, Mac Neil, Solti
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐

Wagner: DAS RHEINGOLD
Flagstad, London, Svanholm, Solti
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐

Wagner: DIE MEISTERSINGER
Schoeffler, Edelmann, Gueden, Knappertsbusch
☐ Mono $19.92 (6 LP's)

Wagner: GOTTERDAMMERUNG
Flagstad, Svanholm, Fjeldstad
☐ Mono $19.92 (6 LP's)

Wagner: LOHENGRIN
Bayreuth Festival Co.—Keilberth
☐ Mono $16.60 (5 LP's)

Wagner: PARSIFAL
Bayreuth Festival Co.— Knappertsbusch
☐ Mono $19.92 (6 LP's)

Wagner: TRISTAN UND ISOLDE
Nilsson, Uhl, Resnik, Solti
☐ Mono $16.60 (5 LP's) Stereo $19.95 ☐

THE ART OF THE PRIMA DONNA
Joan Sutherland
☐ Mono $6.64 (2 LP's) Stereo $7.98 ☐

GILBERT and SULLIVAN OPERETTAS
D'OYLY CARTE OPERA CO.

THE MIKADO
☐ Mono $6.64 (2 LP's) Stereo $7.98 ☐

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE
☐ Mono $6.64 (2 LP's) Stereo $7.98 ☐

H.M.S. PINAFORE
☐ Mono $6.64 (2 LP's) Stereo $7.98 ☐

IOLANTHE
☐ Mono $6.64 (2 LP's) Stereo $7.98 ☐

THE GONDOLIERS; COX AND BOX
☐ Mono $9.96 (3 LP's) Stereo $11.97 ☐

TRIAL BY JURY
☐ Mono $3.32 (1 LP) Stereo $3.99 ☐

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD
☐ Mono $6.64 (2 LP's) Stereo $7.98 ☐

RUDDIGORE
☐ Mono $6.64 (2 LP's) Stereo $7.98 ☐

THE SORCERER
☐ Mono $6.64 (2 LP's)

PRINCESS IDA
☐ Mono $6.64 (2 LP's)

FREE LP

A magnificent recording of highlights from Donizetti's La Favorita is yours Free with each order of $25.00 or more. Artists on this record include Giulietta Simionato, Gianni Poggi, Ettore Bastianini and Alberto Erede.

ORDER TODAY — SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

POSTAGE PREPAID AND INSURED

LONDON RECORDS, INC., 539 West 25th St., New York, N. Y.
Dept. R

Gentlemen: Please send me the items checked in the boxes indicated.

Enclosed is my check in the amount of.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

N. Y. City residents add 3% sales tax

Offer ends June 30, 1962

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Napoléon donnant l'ordre avant la Bataille d'Austerlitz. Peinture par Antoine Charles Vernet. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon giving his orders before the battle of Austerlitz, December 2, 1805. Defeating the combined Russian and Austrian armies, Napoleon described the battle as "the finest of all I have fought."

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

Great products, like great figures of history, acquire enduring fame. So with Courvoisier Cognac. It is the ***Brandy of Napoleon***—from whose day to this Courvoisier has been the choice of kings and statesmen and all who can command the finest. Enjoy it for its matchless flavour and bouquet—*pour la gloire* it perpetuates.

Imported by W. A. Taylor & Company, New York, N. Y. Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.

*COURVOISIER COGNAC—AND COURVOISIER ONLY—BEARS THIS REGISTERED PHRASE ON EVERY BOTTLE. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SPECIAL OFFER IN FRENCH CRYSTALWARE—Four Courvoisier snifter glasses, about 3½ inches tall, with Napoleonic emblem in permanent gold design. Shipped to you from France. Send $1 cash, check or money order *payable to T. V.*, P. O. Box 1205, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Dept. R-1.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED